Special Features This Issue

23rd Annual Cat Gathering – A Trip to Toledo
Cruising Lake Champlain – An Epic Challenge
Preparing for the Texas 200
The *El Lagarto* Exhibit at Tumblehome

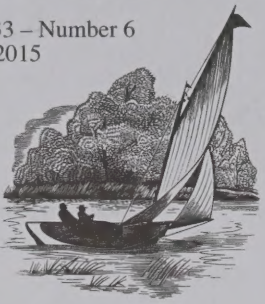
messing about in BOATS

Volume 33 Number 6 October 2015

GV
771
.M47

messing
about in
BOATS
29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 33 – Number 6
October 2015



US subscription price is $32 for one year.Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

In This Issue...

2 Commentary
3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
4 Baggywrinkle: Factor of Two
5 You write to us about...
6 Book Reviews
8 Pedaling Past Portsmouth on the Piscataqua
9 23rd Annual Cat Gathering
10 A Trip to Toledo
12 Cruising Lake Champlain
14 An Epic Challenge
17 An Adventure with a Potter
21 Preparing for the Texas 200
24 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Here Come de Judge
27 A PDR for H-MAN
28 *Talitha Cumi*
30 Over the Horizon
32 Maine's First Ship Summer Report
33 From the Tiki Hut
38 *Hildegard* the Hi Top
39 Footprints in the Sand
40 Maritime Models by Irwin Schuster
42 In My Shop: OPBs
43 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: *Gadabout* aka "SACPAS-3"
47 Summer Storm Over Salem Sound
48 The *El Lagarto* Exhibit at Tumblehome
50 Inflatable Boat Rollers
50 Cape Cod Shipwreck
51 From the Lee Rail
52 Trade Directory
57 Classified Marketplace
59 Shiver Me Timbers

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

When I was wrapping up my book review for this issue on Jon Turk's *Cold Oceans*, the latest issue of the Dinghy Cruising Association's journal, *Dinghy Cruising*, arrived and my eye fell on Len Wingfield's review of *Shackleton's Epic, Recreation of the World's Greatest Journey of Survival* (entitled *Chasing Shackleton* in the USA). I knew right away that I had to drop Len's review into this issue opposite Turk's modern day "epic." Be sure to read Len's review on page 7. If you are not aware of Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic explorations in the early 1900s, be sure to read his own chronicle, *South, the Endurance Expedition*. There's no better way to appreciate exploration's "heroic era" than hearing about how it was from the man himself.

This new book chronicles four efforts in modern times to "replicate" Shackleton's voyage in the small open boat, *James Caird*, from Elephant Island to South Georgia in the Antarctic with a small crew chosen from those marooned when their larger vessel, the *Endurance*, was crushed in the ice. The desperate journey succeeded and it then was possible for Shackleton to subsequently rescue his entire crew from their fate, an achievement for which he earned enduring fame and respect.

What got my attention was the "recreation" in the title. Here we go again, I thought, someone deciding to relive history in modern times. With just about all opportunities to perform heroic deeds of exploration now gone, what with today's technology easing the way, there are still those who aspire to heroic deeds who fall back on this idea of "doing it again." The four tries in this book reveal how these attempts, however challenging, dangerous and demanding they were, fall short of the "real thing" because "we" today are not "they" of yesteryear, who operated in an entirely different world without all the safety nets we have strung up today around everything we attempt to do. Back in the day, those attempting heroic deeds of exploration were on their own way out there, all ties with the rest of the word severed.

One of the four attempts to "recreate" the voyage of the *James Caird* tried really hard to do it right. Unlike the three prior attempts which took advantage of modern materials and equipment, the 2013 Jarvis attempt was set up to replicate as closely as possible the original *James Caird* and its equipment, with all sorts of 1916 gear and clothing. EXCEPT that they had VHF, AIS, a life raft and a support ship (which they never did need in their successful achievement, but there it was, just in case).

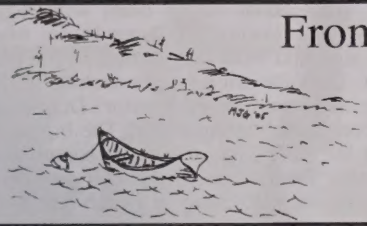
There goes the heroic aspect, despite wanting to try to do what Shackleton did they did not wish to die in the attempt. Neither did Shackleton and his crew, but it was entirely up to their own resources to survive, no bailout if the going got too dangerous. For those originals it was life or death on their own, for today's "replicators" it is success or failure.

Because of the passage of time and the attendant increase in our collective ability to do almost anything with enough technological support, we simply can no longer replicate those human achievements. The modern Shackleton chasers did not first get a large sailing ship locked into the Antarctic ice, then have to abandon it when it was crushed and resort to travel across ice floes and dangerous seas in small boats to a semblance of safety on a barren island BEFORE they set off on the voyage they attempted to replicate.

Sadly we are no longer the men and women our ancestors were, as technology has increasingly taken over the dangerous and difficult tasks of life in our search for easy living and SAFETY! So we cannot really replicate any adventure from those times, we are creatures of today and cannot escape this reality. Such attempts as chasing Shackleton fall far short of the real thing, whatever merits they may have as modern day adventuring.

On the Cover...

It was a great day for Gloria Burge this summer when she launched her homebuilt Bolger pram on the Searsport, Maine, waterfront surrounded by her friends and supporters, the result of her viewpoint, "If you can't do what you can't do, do what you can do." She goes on to state, "One corollary of that old saying, one of my favorites (I don't know where I got it. I hope maybe I made it up), might be, "If you can't have a huge adventure, have a tiny one." And so she did, "*Talitha Cumi's* maiden voyage was a small semicircular route from Searsport, Maine, to Searsport, Maine." Read all about this on page 28.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

I now hold the patents on the world's first hexamaran. With eighteen masts and just over two square miles of sail area, my prototype vessel, *Mariposa*, can circle the continental shelf in just a tad less than two days, eleven and a quarter minutes.

You may think that a hexamaran would have six parallel hulls. Think again. My six hulls radiate from a common cockpit astern where the navigation ceremonies take place. These consist of burning collected burgees on the altar and watching which way the smoke drifts. When this has been determined, a course can be set in any direction whatever.

Being a hexagram in shape, not only can *Mariposa* sail at over one hundred knots, but she wards off evil spells devised by offshore race committees and disgruntled competitors.

Every sail ever designed should be set simultaneously on one of the eighteen masts. This eliminates the nuisance of changing or shortening sail. You merely put the helm over until the hull flying the sails you want is following the course. This has simplified sailing so much that only four people are required to man this vessel: a chef, a chauffeur, the skipper, and someone to feed the cat. If your cat is self-sufficient and you don't plan to go ashore, you can definitely scratch the skipper from this list.

Just a word about the running rigging. All ninety-two sheets are fed through turning blocks and eventually lead to the computer. Each sheet is secured by a clove hitch to a different key in the keyboard. ~, @, #, $, %, ^, &, *, (,), _, and + control the jibs, and so on and so forth. Just a light tap on the proper key is enough to trim the sail in anything less than force-fourteen breezes. Sheets having a red tracer must be controlled in conjunction with the SHIFT key.

The ENTER key is used for coming about. BACKSPACE is handy to ease into narrow slips. Scrolling, of course, causes the vessel to go to port or starboard, forward or backward. The TAB key is useful for a sudden forward spurt when pursuing mermaids. The DELETE key removes dyspeptic gulls from the mastheads. The function of the HOME key should be obvious.

The design for this innovative vessel came to me one very hot night in the tropics. I'd indulged myself in a heavy meal consisting solely of a gallon of ginger ice cream topped with a syrup composed of triple sec, Kahlúa, and Myers's dark rum. Only my shaman knows how to proportion the ingredients of this syrup. I woke in the night with the room whirling madly about me. This was the inspiration I needed for my central cockpit and radiating hulls.

Although the patent office refused my innovative design at first, they quickly relented. After I took their chief attorney for a moonlight sail and clicked the PAGE DOWN and PAGE UP keys a half dozen times he was convinced. These keys raise and lower the keels of the five hulls not in use. This is important as it greatly reduces the wetted area and keeps the vessel from having too much lee helm. He assured me that nothing even resembling my boat had ever been seen before. I could have told him that.

After all my patentable claims were granted, I took him sailing again—this time for pleasure. He had the helm as we wafted about Bermuda at eighty-four knots. We should have been back in Connecticut before the sun had even selected a yardarm but, impulsively, he reached out and tapped the ESCAPE key.

Rather than tell his wife the awful truth I showed her my photos of mermaids boarding my boat, and intimated he'd suffered a midlife crisis. Fortunately for all of us who wend this world's waters, all sailors' wives believe whatever they're told.

GLEN
Family Owned
& Operated
since1953

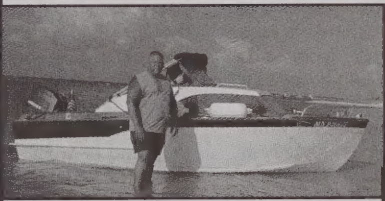
Glen-L Marine Designs
60+ Years Serving
Boatbuilders Worldwide

- 300 Exceptional Boat Designs
- Row/Power/Sail 5-ft. to 55-ft.
- NEW! SUP & Surfboard Kits
- Epoxy & Boatbuilding Supplies
- Underwater & Deck Hardware

Full-sized patterns & detailed phase-by-phase instructions enable *anyone* to build their dream boat!

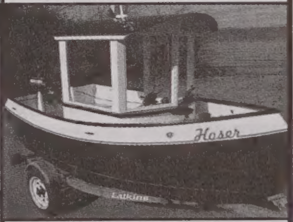
SPECIAL OFFER
- 288-page Book of Boat Designs
- *Free* Dinghy Plans
- *Free* Shipping
- *Free* Supplies Brochure
- $9.95 Coupon off first order

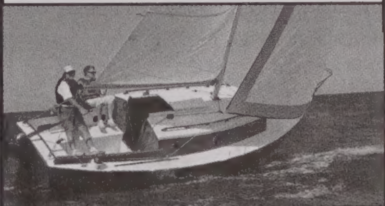
Send just $9.95 to address below



"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat" –Bob

I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design." –Kevin



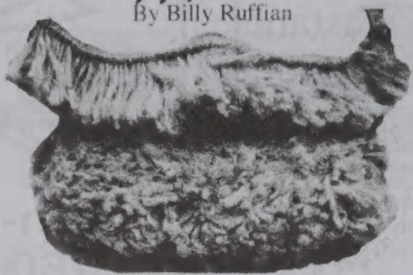


"Your plans for the Amigo are remarkable. Very complete & accurate." –Mark

Glen-L Marine • 9152 Rosecrans Avenue/MA •
Bellflower, CA 90706 • 888-700-5007
Online Catalog: www.Glen-L.com/MA

Baggywrinkle

By Billy Ruffian



Factor of Two

All That Stuff

Looking at all the stuff associated with an enterprise such as canoeing, I'm struck by how the cost of accessories just might match the cost of the canoe itself. This is easily the case if paddles, apparel (PFDs and wet wear) and a roof rack for the car count as accessories (and when it comes to roof rack systems, easier on the back equals harder on the wallet). Then there's a miscellany of minor stuff, dry bags and boxes, special cases for smart phone or GPS, a cable lock to secure canoe to car or shore. It goes on and on and it does add up. If you don't believe me and haven't kept all your receipts just take note on your next U-Haul move. This assumes your endeavors continue to include U-Haul adventures. As you tote box after box labeled "boating" you begin to wonder whether you'll have room for the boat.

The factor of two is a reality check for people stepping into a new endeavor. Like expectant parents they're excited as they contemplate the dreamboat that's about to join the family. Maybe that dreamboat pushes the budget but they can stretch that budget, can't they? Wait a minute, but can they double the budget? What if they see no need and take no pleasure in accessorizing the newcomer? Well, if expectant parents aren't excited to decorate the nursery and even resent the cost of a stroller, perhaps they should reconsider the endeavor.

On the other hand there is a low rent approach if you want to test the waters (with boats, that is, not children). At your favorite box store you can pick up one of those elongated wading pools that I call a poke boat (for poking around). Paddles of similar low quality and on par with your novice technique may even be included with the poke boat.At 8' or so the boat may have you going in circles as often as straight. But you'll have fun and you'll be able to transport it protruding from pickup or hatchback. You won't need an expensive rack nor will you destroy your back.

If you find you hate paddling then your poke boat can become an actual wading pool or an outdoor planter or moored with other garage junk or launched onto craigslist. If you love paddling you'll likely move upscale. Then you can file the poke boat under accessories or as an expenditure like gasoline (distantly related to plastic) which also got you to the water. You haven't really escaped the factor of two.

Couples face another factor of two, at least with a kayak. The only firm boating recommendation I ever make is don't start out with a tandem kayak or tandem whitewater canoe. There's a reason the latter are affectionately called "divorce boats." But outside of whitewater's rapid decisions and fast maneuvers, stressful enough solo, doesn't a tandem kayak make sense just like a tandem canoe? Almost all the canoes you see are tandem. That's mainly because tandem is the easiest way for beginners to paddle on both sides of a boat with single bladed paddles.

The double bladed paddle changes things, as does the kayak deck. All that extra polypropylene keeps out waves but means a lot more weight. Sit on tops are even heavier, for them a cart isn't an accessory but a necessity. Couples testing the water aren't going to spring for a lovely lightweight kevlar tandem at four grand and up. But polypropylene tandems are beasts best left to rental fleets where someone else does the hauling and most of the lifting. If a couple does wrestle such a behemoth atop their car their beast just might become a banana as stern and bow, with a bit of sun, droop to kiss trunk and hood.

Most entry level tandems never get even that kind of wear. I know of one tandem, won in a raffle, used twice in as many decades. Like a free horse it's the care and feeding that gets you, in this case the lifting. And like old soldiers these beastly boats just fade away even before they're old. Just get two singles, I tell couples. On this point, accept the factor of two.

What about bigger boats with bigger initial investments? It depends on where you start and what you include in the basic boat. Does the sticker price include all rigging, sails and finished interior? Dinghy and outboard, anchor and chain? The bigger the boat the more expensive the accoutrements, whether fixed or accessories. If you doubt accessories will come to match the boat's cost, start adding electronics.

This is why buying used can be such a good deal. Not only is the used boat a bargain, but it comes with all that stuff. Perhaps in the case of a large boat the accessories don't add up to the cost of the basic boat. But you'll eventually catch up in your operational costs. Take 10% of a boat's price per year as an estimate for maintenance, repairs, moorage, insurance and all that stuff. My kayak may call for a lot of duffel but there's no moorage fee.

Somewhere in between yacht and kayak is my sailboat, a 12' mini cruiser. Accessory costs began to mount starting with the trailer (notably pricier than the most elaborate roof rack system). From paddling and camping I already possessed a lot of gear that served equally well for sailing, PFDs, paddles, wet wear, beloved little stoves. I circumvented those costs. But fenders, anchor and rode, dock lines, all began to add up, more than just a painter and carabiner for a kayak. In the future there's likely to be a handheld VHF radio along with GPS (I'm a late adopter). Even so I was still safely far from matching the price of boat.

But then I began to think about the blistering sun. With a trailerable boat there's no moorage, but where I live there's need for a carport. That's the moment in this enterprise that my factor of two came to mind. I hadn't considered that factor before I embarked on the endeavor. As La Rochefoucauld put it so well, "It is easier to be wise for others than for oneself."

Putting my shoulder into the problem, with a push and a shove, I've maneuvered boat and trailer under the patio roof. The boat now rests out of the sun, just outside the glass slider, a pleasant sight to accompany my morning coffee. I can even take my morning coffee on board. This end run avoids the cost of carport and circumvents the factor of two. It's a matter of double duty, the sailboat makes perfect patio furniture. And the four legged first mate doesn't argue the point.

WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS
WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data

List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues......Just Information!

www.wwpotterowners.com

MYSTIC RIVER
·BOATHOUSE·

MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES

HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

DON'S DOCK LLC
MARINA
STONINGTON CONNECTICUT
19★79

NEW SLIPS AVAILABLE!
The most stable floating docks around
Dockage, Bait, Tackle, Ice, Repairs, Fuel, Moorings, Launch Ramp, Boat Storage, Store, Fish Cleaning Station

info: 860-535-0077 www.dons-dock.com
228 North Water Street, Stonington, CT

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival and Maritime Model Expo

On October 3 and October 4 the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum will host one of the nation's largest gatherings of small boat enthusiasts and unique watercraft at the 33rd annual Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival and 11th Maritime Model Expo.

The Model Guild of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, the North American Steamboat Modeler's Association and the Washington Ship Model Society are sponsors of the Maritime Model Expo. The event was traditionally held in May but is now combined with the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival which is annually held on the first weekend of October.

Hundreds of amateur and professional boat builders, model boat builders and enthusiasts come from all over the region to display their one of a kind kayaks, canoes and other traditional small craft, along with a variety of maritime models also on display and underway in a manmade pond. The pond will be used throughout the event for model steamboats and other R-C models, including model skipjacks, sailboats, submarines, electrically driven models with modest motors and self steered pond sailing models. On-land exhibitions include a collection of models by Washington Ship Model Society members and other highly acclaimed modelers as well.

Museum boatyard staff and Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School instructors will be on hand Saturday to offer boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations. Beginning at 1pm on Saturday, a lively Miles River race of small craft can be watched from the museum's waterfront and docks.

For more information visit www.cbmm.org/mascf or call (410) 745-2916

Adventures & Experiences...

Simone LeMay

What a delightful story! You one lucky fella. That same summer vacation (between fifth and sixth grades) my family made a couple of trips up to Priest Lake in northern Idaho. We'd go in a 12' plywood skiff with a 5hp direct drive Sea King outboard. There were five of us, a cocker spaniel, another kid from the neighborhood, camping gear for a week, food, clothes and a modicum of boat stuff somehow crammed into that little hull. There were no roads up the last 10-15 miles to the lake in those days. Shipwreck meant hiking out by forest service trail.

You talk about that BIG 28 horse Evinrude on Simone Lemay's boat. Once upon a time that was indeed a big mill. My family's boat didn't have the windshield or canvas top Simone's offered, and the idea of forward steering and remote controls was the stuff of envy for me. But when the whole menagerie was finally transported up to the remote reaches of the lake and established on shore, I got to "go run the boat." On my own.

Like you, I just couldn't wait to get out of the bay and into open water. Even now, I can recall what I imagined it would be like to be a seaman. To cross oceans. And when I would get that balky, old, scratched and dented fire breather up to its full rpms, I'd wedge a small chunk of driftwood under the slide throttle to keep it from rattling back to "slow." The wake would smooth out and I could see the screw beats turned to the most beautiful molten appearing texture. That V-shaped wake pointed like an arrow. An arrow that defined a life's trajectory.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Information of Interest...

Drifting into a Museum

The Columns Museum and its affiliate, the Zane Gray Home Museum, operated by the Department of Interior in Pike County, Pennsylvania, acquired this pictured drift boat and ferrying system which I designed and built. The boat will be curated in the museum's fishing displays. Zane Gray, in addition to being a renowned author, was also a world recognized sport fisherman who rowed drift boats. I was also asked if I would entertain teaching a boat budding class in Zane Gray's backyard. Sixty people showed up and completed the construction of a drift boat.

Professor Robert Dalley Ret, Lake Junaluska, NC

Opinions...

Beating It...Sailing Wisdom

It's summer in Maine and for me that means getting as much time as possible on a sailboat. For those who know me well, you know that's where I relax and let go the most and can stay most in the present, appreciating the rhythm of the wind and the waves, the glorious beauty of the coast of Maine and the simplicity of life on a sailboat.

I used to tell my kids, tongue implanted in cheek, that life is like sailing. Well, maybe that wasn't so crazy. Given it's sailing season still here in Maine, I thought I would share some sailing wisdom I've collected and much of it happens to apply to landlubbers as much as old salts.

"There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." Kenneth Grahame.

"If a man is to be obsessed by something, I suppose a boat is as good as anything, perhaps a bit better than most." B. White.

"It's remarkable how quickly a good and favorable wind can sweep away the maddening frustrations of shore living." Ernest K. Gann.

"We cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust the sails." Thomas S. Monson.

"A great pilot can sail even when his canvas is torn." Seneca.

"The pessimist complains about the wind; the optimist expects it to change; the realist adjusts the sails." William A. Ward.

"To reach a port we must sail, sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it. But we must not drift or lie at anchor." Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Only two sailors, in my experience, never ran aground. One never left port, and the other was an atrocious liar." Don Bamford.

"The goal is not to sail the boat, but rather to help the boat sail herself." John Rousmaniere.

"It is not the ship so much as the skillful sailing that assures the prosperous voyage." George William Curtis.

"I start from the premise that no object created by man is as satisfying to his body and soul as a proper sailing yacht." Arthur Beiser.

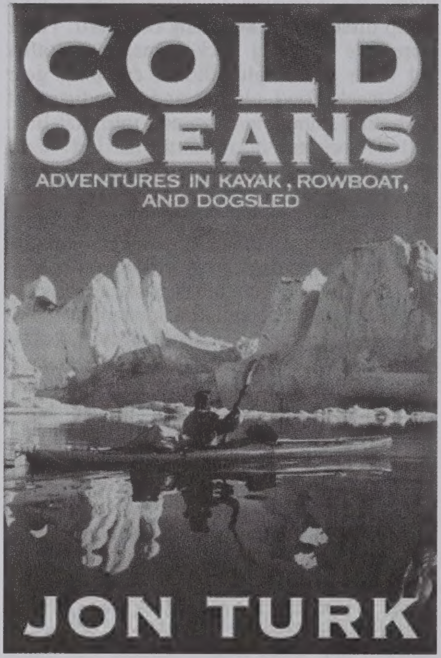
"The ocean has always been a salve to my soul... the best thing for a cut or abrasion was to go swimming in salt water. Later down the road of life, I made the discovery that salt water was also good for the mental abrasions one inevitably acquires on land." Jimmy Buffett.

"To young men contemplating a voyage I would say go." Captain Joshua Slocum.

"Why do you think my own racing yacht is named *Tenacious*, dummy? Because I never quit. I've got a bunch of flags on my boat, but there ain't no white flags." Ted Turner.

May each of you have fair winds and following seas in your own lives.

Book Review



Cold Oceans

Adventures in Kayak, Rowboat and Dogsled

By Jon Turk
Harper Collins Publishers Inc –1998
ISBN 0-060019147-3

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

What the Publisher Says…

An evocative and mesmerizing page turner, *Cold Oceans* is the thrilling story of Jon Turk's expeditions to some of the most inhospitable regions on earth. Even after being shipwrecked off Cape Horn, stopped by ice in the Northwest Passage and beaten back by Arctic blizzards, Turk has continued to follow an irresistible urge to explore.

Guided by his restless spirit and fueled by tales of Elizabethan explorers, Turk first heads off alone to kayak around Cape Horn. But while he is paddling through the rain and mists, a racing storm scuttles his plans. On his next trip he and his partner, Chris Seashore, attempt to row the Northwest Passage in a single season but find themselves more often dragging than rowing their skiff through the half frozen, gelatinous sea. Two years later he attempts to run a dog team up the east coast of Baffin Island in the Canadian Arctic, making his final camp beneath a wind varnished iceberg locked into a frozen sea. On his last expedition he's again joined by Chris (by now his wife) as they paddle sea kayaks along an ancient Inuit migration route from Ellesmere Island to Greenland. Following in the footsteps of old ways and listening to the land, its people and its ghosts, they make the treacherous crossing but also find the goal within the journey.

Woven throughout the book is Jon and Chris's deepening relationship, and his reflections on the legendary explorers and adventurers who preceded him (Magellan, Frobisher, Amundsen and others) and the aboriginal people who survived in these harsh lands. Turk writes with grace, humor and assured knowledge of the Arctic landscape, capturing its beauty, power, vastness and loneliness. His story is one of love, selfdiscovery and his exuberant passion for wild places.

What the Reviewer Says…

I bought this book at our library book sale as it promised to be interesting, and it was, but not entirely for the reasons the publisher extols. It turned out to be a really gripping adventure tale by a guy with some serious ego issues. He indeed had that "restless spirit" but no mention is made of his almost total inexperience with any of the adventuring he undertakes. For instance:

"I told my friends at the bar that I was thinking about sailing around Cape Horn. One man shook his head, 'That's serious shit, you're not a sailor. Buy a small sloop and sail around for a few years, take a test passage, learn about boats, then think about Cape Horn.' He was right and I knew it but I didn't care."

So he went ahead and bought a big old wooden sailboat, worked on it some, rounded up some like minded buddies and set sail for Cape Horn from Puget Sound. They were back in a week after encountering their first Pacific storm and the boat was promptly put up for sale. He then decided that paddling a kayak would be the way to round the Horn after reading how those ignorant savage Fuegians got around down there in crude canoes. Never mind that he had no kayaking experience. That "restless spirit" got him down to southern Chile alone from where he set out for the Cape. He failed again but he did get a lot closer. After being wrecked in a storm he contemplated his situation:

"When I awoke my mood had changed. I forgot that I was happy to be alive and instead became angry and depressed that I had failed. I wrote in my journal, I've chosen a hard master, the winds and mountains in harsh places in the world, but I can do better. It's my impetuousness sneaking in. Maybe this will finally teach me to do things slower and do them right. I made a serious judgment error and that's no good but that's now history. I am 34 years old and I have finally come to realize that I am a bit of a fool. I mean, I've known it for years in an offhand sort of way, toyed with the idea now and then and rejected it, but it has stayed with me nevertheless."

So now the old adage about fools rushing in has dawned upon him and he needed to mend his attitude. His next choice was doing the Northwest Passage from west to east in a rowboat with his girlfriend Chris. They ran out of time in the short Arctic summer a long, long way from his goal as the trip was more dragging the boat over ice and mud clinging to the open water between shore and the ice pack than rowing it. It ended in an acrimonious confrontation between him and Chris.

"Chris felt that her personality was lost in my expedition. She had followed my dream but now it had begun to chafe. In turn, I felt angry that Chris had never cared whether we made it to Pond Inlet or not. I ignored the fact that she had rowed and dragged the boat gamely alongside me and that the Arctic, not Chris, had stopped us."

It was Failure #2. Chris was the third woman who had attempted to live with this guy, her predecessors had given up on him. The second was the mother of his two children, from whom he had just walked away in frustration with her inability to understand his "restless spirit."

His third adventure was dogsledding along the coast of Baffin Island with a dogsledding buddy from Alaska, once again with his own minimal experience in this craft. While not related to boats it further reveals the nature of the man. The longest stretch of 80 miles or so was even marked out for him by a local Inuit on a snowmobile in an unsolicited generous attempt to help these novices get there. The adventure ended short of their goal in Failure #3 with a final split with his partner:

"Dave's dogs turned back toward the DEW line and Broughton Island, southward toward home. I called out but he ignored me. Then I stared incredulously at his receding figure. What happened? We had come so far. Apparently his discontent with the monotony, the cold and me had passed a threshold. Had he been planning this retreat all yesterday afternoon even as we agreed to continue? I had to follow him, he had the stove and the tent. Maybe he wouldn't stop at the DEW line. Would he abandon me altogether?"

He still didn't get it that he was maybe the problem. However, he was not a quitter and even before he got out of this scrape he was charging ahead:

"I sat back down on the sled and began planning the next expedition. Then I stopped myself. Planning the next expedition? How ridiculous! I claimed that success was important to me but I had failed three times in a row."

But his fourth effort, paddling across the Davis Strait from Ellesmere Island to Greenland in kayaks succeeded with the companionship and help of his now wife, Chris:

"We arrived in Thule three days later. A guard lounged at the end of a pier and we paddled towards him across the open bay. It was incredible that he didn't see us. I called up 'Howdy.' No response. 'Hello up there! It's Jon Turk and Chris Seashore, triumphant Arctic explorers returning from a successful expedition.' No response.

Chris suggested that we paddle towards a gray warship moored to the pier. Finally the bow lookout spotted us. 'Hey you, you! Who are you? What are you doing? I introduced myself and the lookout told us to paddle to shore. "Are your papers in order? Do you have permission from the US Air Force to enter the base? Did you have permission from the Danish government to enter Greenland via Canada? Did someone stamp your passport at your port of entry?'

No one asked us about our journey, the land, its animals or the ice. But one young soldier, not much older than my children, offered me a can of coke."

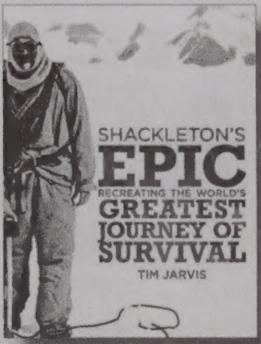
At last success, but nobody there seemed to care.

SHACKLETON' S EPIC: Recreating the world's greatest journey of survival.

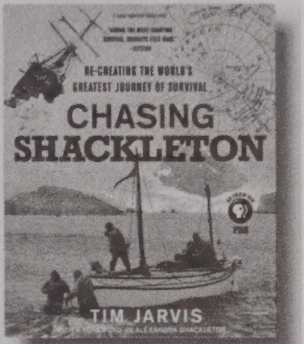
by Tim Jarvis, 2014

Reviewed by Len Wingfield

Hardcover: 272 pages
Publisher: William Collins (21 Nov. 2013)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 0007549520
ISBN-13: 978-0007549528
Product Dimensions: 19.5 x 2.8 x 25.2 cm
(UK edition)



(Left) Cover, UK Hardback



(Right) Cover, US Hardback

Readers will know of Shackleton's 1916 epic survival sail from Antarctica's Elephant Island to South Georgia in a converted open boat. The boat, the *James Caird*, has survived and can be seen at Dulwich College. It is 23 feet long, a keel-less open boat, but has an extra 35 cm freeboard and a canvas covering built up by the ship's carpenter. It has yoke steering and a standing lug ketch rig with almost square lugsails. It sailed with a crew of six including Shackleton under Worsley as skipper.

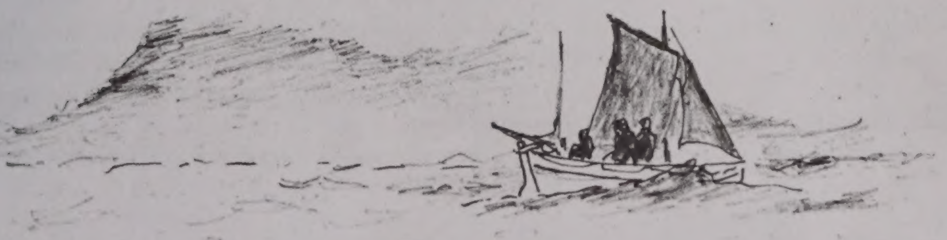
There have been three previous attempts to replicate this desperate voyage and glacier crossing. In 1994 the replica boat *Sir Ernest Shackleton* with three crew was forced round to the wrong side of South Georgia. The crew then attempted to cross the glacier in reverse but failed. In 1997 an Irish replica the *Tom Crean* with five crew had tiller steering and synthetic sails. It capsized three times in Force 10, then was abandoned when even worse conditions were forecast. Then in 2000 a German replica the *James Caird II* made another attempt. This boat had tiller steering but synthetic sails, bunks for crew and water ballast righting, and the crew had modern wet weather clothing, but this attempt also failed and the boat had to be towed into South Georgia.

With the Jarvis re-enactment in 2013 even greater efforts were made to closely replicate Shackleton's voyage and glacier crossing. Not only was the boat, the *Alexandra Shackleton*, even closer to the original, with yoke steering, non-synthetic sails and cordage, and traditional navigation equipment, (even a 1916 watch), but the crew were in 1916 mountaineering clothing, ate 1916 type food, and slept on the rock ballast in a very cramped space. In fact they were worse off, because the smallest of the 2013 crew was as large as the largest of the 1916 crew. The boat did have VHF, AIS and a liferaft. They were accompanied by a rescue ship, but were not always in contact (their AIS was supposed to have a range of 400 km, but it failed, so a lifejacket with AIS was hoisted on the mizzen. It had a range of only 400 metres!)

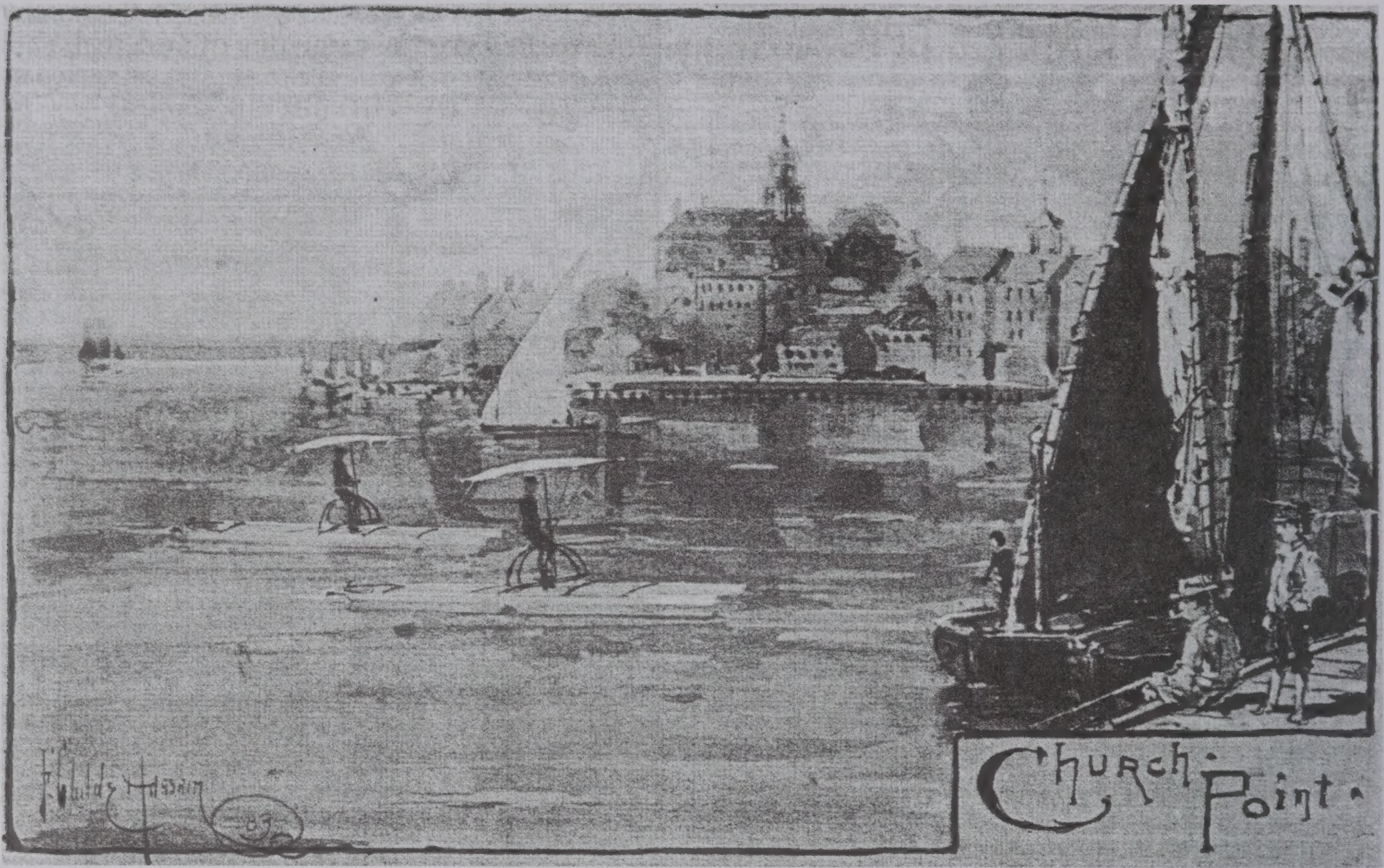
The navigation plan was, as in 1916, not to head directly for South Georgia but to go north until they could run to it on the same latitude. (Sun sights were rarely possible.) The support ship never assisted in navigation. They eventually landed thankfully at South Georgia's Haakon Bay, but the worst ordeal, the glacier crossing, was yet to come. The weather was atrocious even by Antarctic standards; a sick climber had to be replaced, and the wind tore their tent from them while they lay in it waiting. They were in unsuitable clothing and footwear with improvised nails as in 1916 and were suffering from trench foot and frostbite, Jarvis dangerously so. They were exposed on the mountains three times longer than Shackleton, but eventually made it to the Stromness station. All recovered.

The book is well illustrated with fine photographs, maps and drawings. (There was a camera crew on the support ship, and a number of fixed cameras on board the *Alexandra Shackleton.*) *LW*

The *Alexandra Shackleton* sights South Georgia through the mist. *(From a photograph)* LW



Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

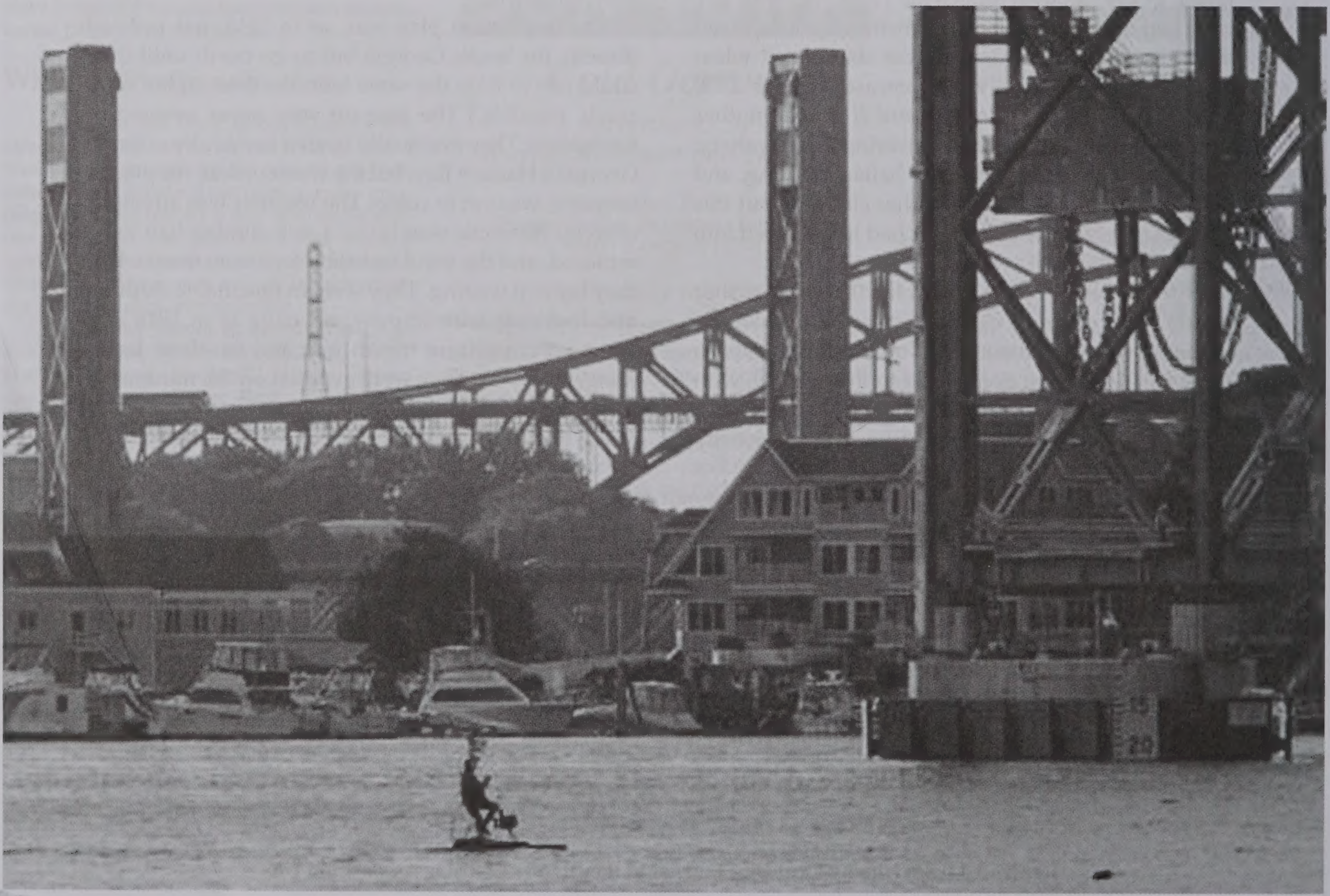

Church Point.

Fall of 1882

Pedaling Past Portsmouth on the Piscataqua

Summer of 2015

Photo by Harvey Petersiel



23rd Annual Cat Gathering

At Arey's Pond on Cape Cod

By Robin Davis
Photos by Anita Winstanley Roark
www.masterfulart.com

The celebration of the annual 23rd Cat Gathering began on August 14, 2015, with a warm up race in which 28 catboats and two traditional boats, the Wianno Senior *Sea Lion*, and Robin Reese in her slick and salty *Baybird*, participated. In one hour and 20 minutes the finishers crossed the line, led by *Sea Lion*, Robin in her *Baybird* and the APBY 19' Caracal design, *An Cat Maher*. It was perfect Pleasant Bay weather, 80º, clear skies and southwest winds at 10 knots.

Cat Gathering participants were lucky enough to wake up to another perfect day on Saturday, August 15. By noon, just under two hours before the start sequence, 92 boats were registered and 87 of them were catboats. Prior to the beginning of the race Little Pleasant Bay was brimming with more than 80 boats dodging each other in 10 to 12 knots of southwest breeze. The larger boats, including Marshall 22s, Baybirds and other traditional rigs, were preparing for their 1:40pm start. By 2:10pm all sailors were underway.

For those watching the event it was a beautiful sight as gaff rigged cats tacked through the Narrows, a 300 yard wide channel bounded by Simpson Island that separates Little Pleasant Bay from Big Pleasant Bay. Several decided to avoid the Narrows, choosing instead to sail around the island which added another dynamic and spectacular view as catboats came into Big Pleasant Bay from all angles as they tacked their way to Mark A.

With ideal conditions we had record breaking finish times, led by *Pandora*, the Bernie Huddleston 20' catboat design, as overall top finisher in one hour and seven minutes. Joel Williams led the Catboat 14' and under class with the best time of one hour and 20 minutes in his Arey's Pond 14 *Scoot*.

On the evening of the race participants gathered for the award ceremony. The Bert Jackson Quartet entertained all with a wonderful evening of jazz while various dishes were served to the salty sailors. Renowned Cape Cod artist Robert Cardinal captured the essence of the Cat Gathering in an oil on canvas painting which was featured on the awards.

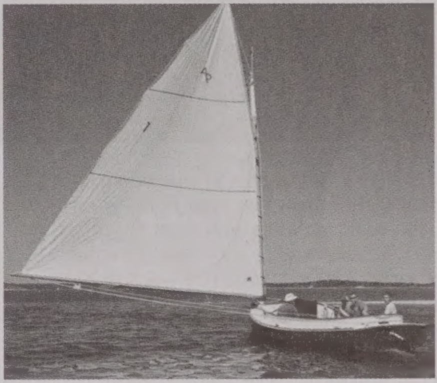
Peter McClennen's Wianno Senior *Sea Lion* and *Brigadoon* getting down to it.

Richard Rodgers and friends in *Paws*.

Drew Staniar in *Pandora*.

Herb McClennon in *Lestrus*.

Phil Dickinson in *Elle*.



Scott Brown letting it all hang out in *An Cat Maher*, an APBY 19.

Carl Bechgaard in *Spinach*.

Starting mark lineup.

A Trip to Toledo

By Dan Rogers

Toledo, Oregon, is one of those places that sort of grows on you. Folks are friendly. And basic walking directions are pretty simple. All start with "…you just go uphill to…" EVERYTHING is uphill from just about any other place in Toledo. A little unusual for a waterfront community. A lot of things about Toledo are unusual.

I went to the Toledo Wooden Boat Show last summer. I simply couldn't wait to come back again. The long, hot, mostly boring drive stretches out to just a smidgeon over 500 land miles for me. This year my long overland trek was eclipsed by Jim from the Flathead Lake region in western Montana. Seems like most other exhibitors brought boats and towing rigs from places situated along the I-5 corridor, mostly from Portland on south a ways. Don't matter how far. This is one of those events that gets better with repetition.

A just plain folks fellow named Bud is the big kahuna. Bud runs the show with a deft hand and a quick smile. While he seems to be everywhere at once, somehow he can stand in one place and gam with the best of us. Bud once ran the veteran yard tug that now glistens with new paint (and no doubt new timber) that graces the "big boat" row.

I brought little *Punkin Seed* this year and took up a spot at the far end of the in-water display. As Bud put it, "Down with the other working boats." While I'd admit to throwing on a 30 yard paint job and otherwise giving the notion of a workboat finish a sort of bad name, I'm sure he meant that he expected *Punkin Seed* to work for her keep. And that's what we came for.

Toledo is one of those small boat conclaves that is more for the visitor than for the participant. Folks bring boats to display, both in the water and on trailers up in the adjacent parking lot. When you bring a boat, the idea is to talk to visitors about everything from vintage outboard motors to prismatic coefficients. But to my mind, the best part is the opportunity to actually get those same visitors out on the water. And a lot of this "spontaneous" activity is cunningly orchestrated by a small gang of stalwarts. Most of 'em are "COOTS." You are a COOT if you think you should be. This no dues, no rules group puts the capital "E" in the word "Eclectic."

This year we had a row of permutations on the iconic Can-Du-Ez tug. There was a Redwing pocket motor cruiser and her slimmed down near sister. A completely tricked out Birdwatcher. Myriad small rowing, sailing and putt putting boats were strapped in tight along the walkway against the low tide mud banks. Jim's Michalak designed Mikes Boat *Desdemona* sported a Montana hailing port and lug rig. This in contrast to the majority "OR" hull number scheme painted and stickered port and starboard along the float.

The main mover and shaker is this fellow who everybody "knows," even if they've never actually talked to him, Andy Linn. Andy's sly smile and drill instructor demeanor is the first thing visitors and participants encounter at the bottom of the ramp. Andy is responsible for many of the small rowing, sailing and paddling craft tied and stacked around the Toledo Community Boathouse. Pretty much without warning he'll have you donning a life vest, grabbing a paddle and sitting down in one of his kayaks or canoes. The next obvious step is to untie and shove off. I can't think of anyplace else you can do that without buying a ticket and waiting in line first.

In addition to talking to passers by about *Punkin Seed* and taking the braver than most volunteers for short demo sails, I got a plum assignment this year. Plum. Andy and his small group of volunteer builders put two coracles together over the past building season. These little futon sized sort of hatbox things were a real big hit. My job was to entice an age range from toddler to old fart to step into those tippy, unconventional, round floating contraptions.

Once in, then the real challenge came. Regular paddle strokes are a complete disappointment. Since a round boat with no underwater appendages has no real front or rear, it doesn't have definable sides either. The only reasonable way to propel one of these latter day coracles is to master the art of sculling. Not even regular sculling will do. You must "follow the paddle." While I spent much of both Saturday and Sunday describing and demonstrating these rather arcane skills, the only real way to do it is to learn by trial and error. As a result, discovery learning got a big boost in the eyes of folks watching from a safe remove along the parking lot safety railing and, of course, with the several dozen braver souls who actually climbed into those lurching little anomalies. We even conducted the First Annual Toledo Coracle Race. Great fun for everybody.

The idea of "working" exhibits got a great deal of attention in a couple of directions. Michael, up in the parking lot, was already at it when some of us arrived a day early. With a half dozen tents set up and all the materials stacked and ready, family groups were already turning perfectly good plywood into small strips, odd chunks and shavings when I sailed *Punkin Seed* into her slip on Friday morning. Those strips and shavings quickly morphed into the most lovely one person pulling boats. Then a gaggle of Elegant Punts went from scratch to boat on the final day, Sunday. Just a whole lot of well planned and focused energy came from those tents to result in smiles, boats and happy memories for several dozen folks. Great job Michael!

And finally, the in water and underway side of "working exhibits." Sparkin' Joe and his electric launch have been fixtures at Toledo for a long time. Joe nearly wore his mooring lines out with scores of trips out into The Slough. He'd no sooner be tied up and passengers debarked, then a new group would come aboard and he'd shove off again. Quite a few of those happy passengers were taking their first boat ride and a better host would be hard to find.

The other busy working boat was my personal favorite. Captain Mike brought an actual wood burning, smoke belching steamboat to the mix. Mike used technology that Robert Fulton would recognize and tied up not far from Bob's plexiglas enclosed sailboat that steers by electronic remote control. We had just about everything a true boat nut would care to come and check out.

There's another side to getting to talk with Captain Mike. He is a storyteller extraordinaire. I willingly stood in the Friday morning drizzle while Mike patiently explained the whys, wherefores and personal touches that turn his huge propeller. This, interlaced with tales from motorcycle racing, the glory days of unlimited hydro racing, the intricacies of sailboat rigs and hulls and well salted with tales that start with, "I know this guy who…"

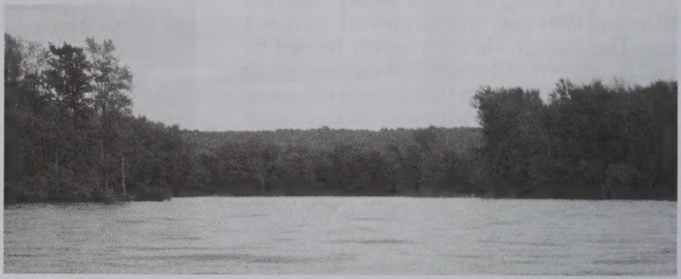
There's a whole lot more to "Toledo." Make a mark on your calendar, make a commitment on your busy schedule. But damn it, get yourself there.

Cruising Lake Champlain

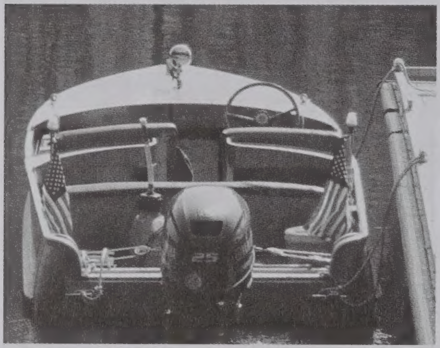
By Johnny Mack

Here are some pictures I took on a few cruises. I have become one with my new camera. It seems it has a button called settings

The ferry leaving Burlington Harbor. Now let's see who has the right of way here!



The mouth of the Lamoille River.



. Ready to go again, just like that I'm ready to head out again. It is just so easy and cheap to operate my runabout that I can't help it. Notice the large jug of gas in the stern. The boat is in tune with me. It takes a heck of a lot of boating to go through my 6gal tank in one day. The gas can is just for insurance and safety reasons. By the time my main tank is nearing empty, so am I and it is time to call it quits. I probably bore everyone as I talk so much about it but I just really enjoy the darned thing. Did I tell you I built it without any taxpayer funds?

The dock at the Lamoille River is an overlooked secret. It is a short jaunt to enter Champlain just south of the Sand Bar Bridge. It can be shallow at the mouth. I can also cruise the Lamoille if the lake is rough and can go upriver six or seven miles all the way to the dam in Milton. It is another secret I won't tell you about that the fishing at the mouth has a variety of fish that are big, feisty and have teeth.

When cruising from Lake Champlain to the river I find it a challenge to find the river. There is no flashy sign and it can be shallow. It is a time when caution and good judgement will serve me well, but it is worth it as it is nice way to get out of the wind.

The Burlington Boat House. Docking is free for the first hour and it is a five spot an hour after that. Church Street, with its attractions, is a ten minute walk. I thought they were nuts when they first transformed the Church Street area from a congested mess to the upscale area it has become. I was wrong and they were right. I tip my hat to them, but when I stop in at the dock and cruise the area I think that they think that I must be a street person. Most of the passers-by in the area are nicely decked out, where I have this windblown thing going on with a mix of sun screen oil, fish guts and boat gas. I am pretty sure that not one in a hundred even know there is one of the best recreational lakes in the world only a quarter mile from them that they can actually use.

On the other side of the lake there is Plattsburgh, which also has a dock for short visits that costs about the same. Their downtown is also a short walk. I think it less flashy than Burlington but there are many establishments there that work hard for our money and appreciate our patronage. I kind of like it.

Approaching the Sand Bar Bridge it is very shallow for about a half mile on the south side of it and a quarter mile to the north. Only smaller craft should give it a go as the area under the bridge can get shallow enough to require exiting the boat and pulling it through on foot. It is, however, another good way to cruise Champlain in a small boat as the area to the north of the bridge, called the Inland Sea or the Northeast Leg, often has much less wind than the western part of the lake.

Mallets Bay has a breakwater almost the entire length of it courtesy of the old railroad days. If the main lake is windy we can go through the breakwater opening to Mallets Bay, but there won't be much relief there as it is big enough where the wind will hit, too. It is still a very nice area of the lake with a lot of boating activity of all kinds. It is necessary to cruise through the breakwater from the Mallets Bay boat launch to reach the main lake. As it is a choke point, it is often a place where various law enforcement vessels camp out looking for scallywags.

The Lamoille boat ramp and dock.

Here is a very far away picture of the Sand Bar Bridge. Champlain's a big lake.

The Mallett's Bay breakwater.

Champlain is a big lake, all the more so for those of us who enjoy small boats. There are times when I think I am nuts. I have turned back on I89 when I see the wind whipping the trees on more than one occasion. But then again, when it is nasty on the lake maybe we shouldn't be on it with any boat.

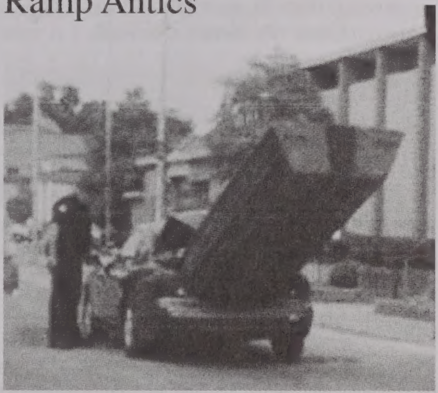
I did have a very nice trip last week. I launched from the Lamoille Boat Ramp and headed out to the main lake. Wind was coming from the south. I hoped to go to Burlington to stop at the Boat House to go downtown to check out the smoking hot women, ah, er, I mean get a burrito and a cup of coffee, but as I turned south it appeared to me it would be a very long, bumpy trip. So in a brainstorm I headed north to Plattsburgh where the wind was at my back at an acceptable 45° angle the entire way. I stopped in a cheerful establishment and after a nice cold schooner of ice water I headed north, again with the wind to my back, to the Gut which cuts across Grand Isle to the Inland Sea. In there the wind was subdued enough for me to head south at a pretty good clip to the Sand Bar Bridge. I put the hammer down during this part as the sky turned black to the west.

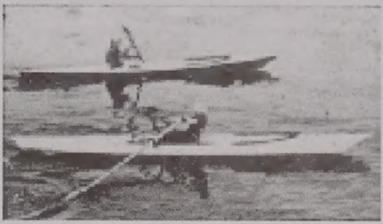
Isn't it interesting with all the computer power weather forecasters have that they are still so frequently wrong? It was not looking sunny with a 6mph wind and 20% chance of rain to me but I knew it was not right when I launched. One of my less worldly friends says the two biggest groups of liars there are are weathermen, and the other group I'll not mention as we all know it is wrong to do so and not funny in the least.

Anyway, the water under the bridge was several feet deep and I cruised through with no problem. I did, however, find it very helpful to have the power trim unit on my boat and I tipped her up just in case. Back in the day when Vermonters were known for being industrious instead of being trust fund recipients or on the dole, an enterprising machine shop owner stenciled his logo on the bridge advertising his service in rebuilding props and lower units. I have to believe a fair number of people who didn't believe in the helpfulness of his ad before found it helpful after.

From there it was a hop, skip and a jump to the boat ramp. I am pleased to say my advanced age has at least one benefit. Nearly 100% of the time I am trying to launch or recover my boat I am offered assistance or a preferential spot in the ramp queue. My thanks to all those good people. Of course, the other explanation is they have seen me drive and want me the hell out of their way. Regardless, I am good with it and appreciate their good will.

Ramp Antics





Wing Systems
Touring Shell
The 1 Boat Fleet

A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety, and value. Wing's Touring shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantedosi RoWing - $2,035, Touring shell as single kayak - $1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

Wing Systems
P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3
Oyster Bay, NY 11711
For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect

Rugged. Beautiful.
WEST SYSTEM 207 SPECIAL CLEAR HARDENER
WEST SYSTEM®

Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free **207 Special Clear Hardener™** gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.

866-937-8797
www.westsystem.com

An Epic Challenge

The 2015 Blackburn Challenge
A Race Like No Other

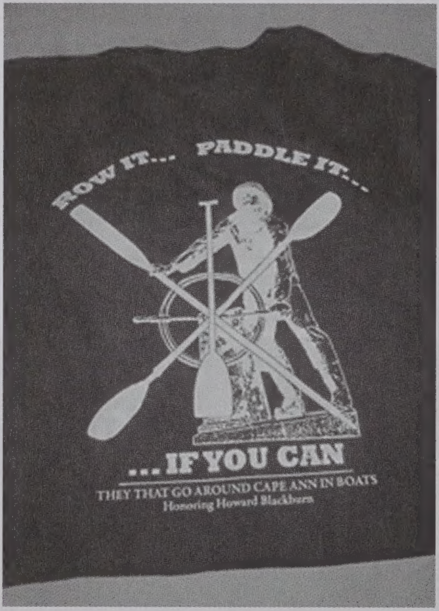
By Reinhard Zollitsch
reinhard@maine.edu
www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com
Photos by Nancy Zollitsch

If any of you readers know someone who has rowed or paddled in this year's Blackburn Challenge, the 20-mile ocean race around Cape Ann in Gloucester, Massachusetts, give him/her a call and ask how they did. I can assure you they will have a story to tell. It was an epic race. It was as exhilarating as it was terrifying, humbling and downright exhausting. In retrospect, it was a rather dangerous situation. I can't remember ever having been exposed to such winds and seas for nearly 4.5 hours in a skinny 20' 6" long, 15" wide boat. Only my sail off Nova Scotia in a 60 knot storm was equally intimidating and downright frightening. Then, for the first time, I had the feeling of sailing "in" the ocean; now I was paddling my solo outrigger racing canoe 'in" the waves, in places cresting up to 4-6 feet.

2015 was going to be my 14th Blackburn, my lucky number, I thought, in my new (last year), racy, 20 pound, black carbon fiber, Hawaiian-style sit-on-top solo outrigger canoe. 339 boaters had pre-registered in 232 boats in various classes of rowboats, kayaks, surfskis and outrigger canoes. We were 10 boats in the solo outrigger class, including some hot-shots from the Washington, DC canoe club, from Toronto and from up and down the Atlantic coast. I was the only Mainer in the bunch.

The weather forecast for the morning of July 25 was very good, I thought. It was overcast, not too hot, with light winds, about 10 knots. Only the direction of the wind was unusual for this time of year: northeast. Looking at my chart, I confidently thought it should take a bit more energy to get to Halibut Point, seven miles into the race, and from the outer Gloucester breakwater to the finish line, two more miles. But we should enjoy a following breeze from the midpoint at Straitsmouth Island all along the wide open stretch back to the breakwater. I had the right boat for that and could not wait to find out how she would do in following seas.

At the captains' meeting everybody was in a very jovial, eager and positive mood. The first-timers were cheered, while all the serious competitors were eyeing and evaluating their competitors' boats and equipment. The inherently slower boat classes were started first, chased down eventually by the most competitive and mostly also fastest class, the surfskis. The 6-person outriggers brought up the rear. I have always been very happy with this starting arrangement: everybody races within his/her class, but everybody will also have other boats ahead of them to catch up to or be passed by faster ones. This creates a good camaraderie on the water, and everybody kind of watches out for the other boaters. There were only few support/safety boats on the course, marked with large orange flags. The Coast Guard tries to stay out of the fray.


ROW IT... PADDLE IT...
...IF YOU CAN
THEY THAT GO AROUND CAPE ANN IN BOATS
Honoring Howard Blackburn

2015 Blackburn T-shirt logo.

"Ready! Go!" - The Race Begins

At 8:20 sharp my class of solo and the double outriggers headed north for 3 miles, into the wind, towards the mouth of the Annisquam River and the lighthouse. My "nemesis" (his term, not mine) Roger was right beside me, then slightly ahead, in his brand new, startlingly orange Hurricane, over the years the most successful boat in our class. Since he is almost ten years my junior, I didn't fret. I should catch up to him in the rougher stuff, I thought confidently. Before the race Nancy had said something about "the Spirit of '76", meaning: "That's your age, and you've still got it, even being the oldest competitor in the race. You can do it!" (Who needs a cheering crowd when you have a spouse so full of confidence?)

One look out onto the open water made me gulp, though. The weather report had significantly underestimated the NE wind, which was much stronger and turned out to come from the NNE. But the sea state looked truly intimidating. There were long breakers coming in onto our left bow, long crushing crests dumping their tops as in a surfing competition. "Those would be race-enders," I thought when I first saw them. I watched them like a hawk and tried to out-sprint the worst parts of the long waves rolling in.

Henry, who had rowed in every Blackburn Challenge since its inception in 1987, told me after the race that he saw those crests and wanted none of it, and wisely returned to the starting line. And I am sure he was not the only one returning or pulling out at the first opportunity. Looking at the race results, I counted the DNFs and DNSs: 77 boats had not finished the race (or had prudently pulled out before getting hurt), or had decided not to start at all.

Since I still found myself surrounded by other boats, I dug in hard too and skillfully sliced through the waves. If they could do it, so could I, I thought confidently. I instantly passed my nemesis, which buoyed my spirit further. I had paddled my Verlen Kruger touring sea canoe in very rough waters around Nova Scotia and even up the western shore of Newfoundland. So I pushed on, point to point to point, staring at the waves, totally ignoring my competitors. This looked more like who could outlast the other boats in class.

Dancing With Waves

I knew the wind direction was not the best for an outrigger canoe with the ama/outrigger on port. Waves were lifting the ama before getting to the boat. Already a 2-foot wave would discombobulate my balance on my elevated canoe seat and would try to lever me unceremoniously into the water to starboard, unless I shifted my weight to port to keep the ama on the water. "Ama on the water, or "ama" (I am) going to swim!"

I had several close calls. The ama was already high in the sky, but I was able to catch my balance in the nick of time and slap the ama back down onto the water. It was very intense, bordering on being scary. Amazing what adrenalin will do for you. I kept on towards Halibut Point, a bold granite promontory where the waves were crashing onto the bare granite shore and reverberating back into the water. "Officer, it was horrible!" But since there were many people on the rocks, most of them with cameras, I made sure I would not end up like a piece of driftwood in the rocky clefts. "Watch the waves! Anticipate what the ama is going to do and LEAN LEFT into the waves!"

At that point I also learned I could paddle very effectively on port and with each stroke hold myself upright. "Just get the paddle in the water and claw yourself to windward," I told myself. The 6-person outrigger from Washington passed by me but then had lots of problems. They most likely took on too much water. So they headed into the wind, got way off course, and began to bail, or retighten the ama (?). This happened repeatedly to the halfway mark at Straitsmouth Island.

This is it!

Off to the start.

I had hoped that the worst was over after rounding Halibut Point, but no, the waves got even bigger and longer and were now hitting the boats smack dab on port beam. I was dancing, and so was everybody else. Many paddlers went swimming on this 3-mile stretch to Straitsmouth, some even repeatedly, I heard after the race. I could not wait to get to the shelter of the islands, but no such luck. The seas got even more confused in the narrows. I had to switch into survival mode. My perch was so precarious, and my hips were beginning to hurt from all the balancing.

The Slam Dunk

And as I rounded up towards Thacher Island and the Milk Island Bar, I suddenly found myself lifted off my seat by a big following sea and plunked into the water between hull and ama. (These boats should have a seat belt, I foolishly thought.) Fortunately I was able to hold on to the boat as well as my paddle and scrambled back on, which was much harder than I had anticipated. I was still connected to my boat via my ankle leash as well as my drinking tube, but my boat was madly gyrating in the waves without directional power and rudder input. But it did not "huli" (tip over) as Hawaiians would say, and I did not get tossed back into the water, before I was fully set up.

Whew! It was all done on an adrenalin high with some prior practice on calmer waters back home. This, by the way, was my first unintentional ocean "swim" in 14 years of paddling outrigger, no, ever! But I noticed to my chagrin that I was not wearing my life jacket. I had shock-corded it behind me on the deck to be cooler and faster, like all the other serious racers. It is legal, and no one knew how bad the conditions would be. It was definitely not a good idea. I doubt whether I will do it again.

Back in the saddle, I instantly picked up speed again as I was passed by the only 4-person outrigger in the race. They then suddenly totally flipped over, more or less right in front of me. Being a conscientious competitor, I paddled over to see whether they were all OK and could right their boat. They assured me they could. Moments later a 6-person outrigger went upside down, dumping all paddlers into the water. Again, I stopped to check on them. Firm commands were already being shouted to the crew, and yes, they were able to right their boat also. Too much excitement in such a short span of time for "the Spirit of '76".

Crossing the notorious 7-foot Milk Island Bar (measured at low tide, that is), has always been on my mind since my first Blackburn race in 2002. Big waves could bottom out here, I knew, and tumble over. I stayed closer to shore where it is deeper and tiptoed through this mélee. But then right after it I enjoyed a wonderful clean tailwind and lesser and more regular seas, but only for about a mile. It made me smile again. My boat seemed to run as if it was on rails, with hardly any balancing from my hips. They were going, going, gone. Since I still had plenty of shoulder and arm power, I quickly devised a new technique to stay upright: I used the backswing of my paddle stroke to push my upper body upright.

Lone Voyager

But then I noticed I was suddenly all alone, a "Lone Voyager" on the open ocean, the title of the famous book by Joseph Garland on Howard Blackburn, whom we honor with this race. All faster boats had passed me and were already out of sight, and nobody was coming up from behind to pass me any more, or they had dropped out. It seemed I was leading the "rest of the pack" towards home. It was a very eerie and lonely feeling, and I made absolutely sure I would not "huli".

Well, I did OK those crucial 6.5 miles from the Milk Island Bar to the Dog Bar, to the Gloucester outer breakwater. At this notoriously rough corner I got ready for more confused seas. But instead it was almost completely calm on the outside of the breakwater. I was delighted. Yes! I had made it! The remaining two miles straight into the wind would be hard work but I could relax my middle. Then someone on shore called out my name and a few encouraging words. Thanks, Tamsin! I needed that.

I looked around for my competition for the first time in the race, but none was in sight. I then grit my teeth and dug in again like a well-oiled but tired machine, only watching out for the many large wakes from the powerboats. Remember, it was a summer Saturday!

The Finish

I crossed the finish line a second under 4 hours and 25 minutes, in fifth place in my class, 52 minutes slower than last year. But then, everybody was significantly slower this year. Even the fastest OC-6, the boats least affected by the strong wind and big waves, was 30 minutes slower than last year. So I felt just fine and managed a tired smile when Nancy greeted me at the town beach. "Well done! Amazing! My Spirit of '76!"

I rolled into the water to cool off, but when I tried to carry my 20-pound outrigger higher onto the beach, my legs buckled, and "Swatte Orm", my "fire-spitting black dragon", had to accept some outside help. (Don't you like my Viking name for my boat? All I had to do was add four letters to "Storm", its model name.) Many other competitors needed some assistance too. But after a nice hot meal and a cool beer, things began to look much better.

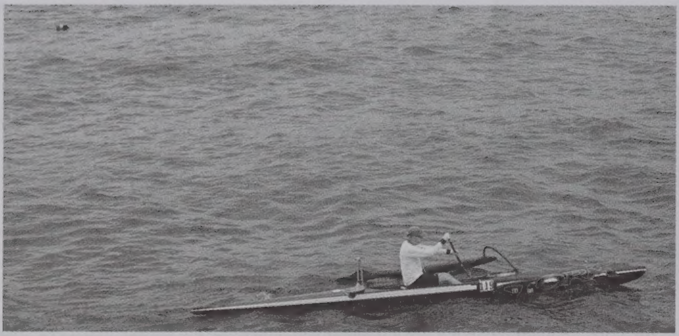
I was almost done eating, when Roger hit the beach, 20 minutes behind me. He also had to remount his steed after a swim, but I was very proud that all solo outriggers had finished, some even after multiple swims. I felt especially gratified finishing 17 minutes ahead of two much younger outrigger paddlers, whom I had beaten in the past by only 7 seconds. Other paddlers were proudly parading their broken boats through the crowds, but there was no damage on my light-weight outrigger. I heard there was a lot of carnage, but as far as I know, no paddler got seriously hurt or needed medical attention. That was good news for a rather dangerous situation, let's face it. But all's well that ends well!

Looking at the overall results, as I said, I noticed that 77 of the 232 registered boats did not finish the race or prudently did not even start, which is roughly one third of all boats. Some classes were totally wiped out, like the highly competitive sliding seat rowing doubles class, including expert rower and boat builder Ted van Dusen. In the sliding seat solo rowing racing and touring classes, only 50% finished. And about the same percentage of paddlers finished in the fast sea kayak men's class, as well as in the surfski class, and also in the super competitive high performance kayak class. Three big outrigger sixes also bit the wave crests and bailed out.

In Summation...

This race will long be remembered and talked about by all boaters who entered, regardless of whether they finished the race or had to pull out. It certainly will go down as the toughest ocean race ever along our New England shores (for rowers and paddlers, that is). It was a race in the true spirit of Howard Blackburn's historic survival row off Newfoundland in 1883. It was an epic challenge.

And I am sure Howard would have been proud of all the contestants who did their best in the worst conditions. But I personally see him especially smiling about all those boaters who finished the challenge, who hung in there all the way to the end, even if that meant bailing their boats, rolling them back up or re-entering them after a brief wet swim in order to get to the finish line.



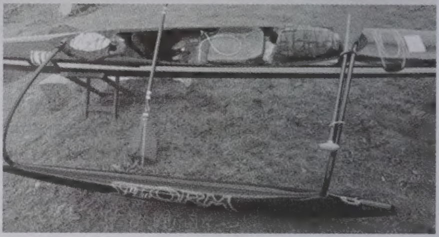
Rounding Gloucester breakwater. (Tamsin Venn photo)

A well-deserved rest at the finish line.

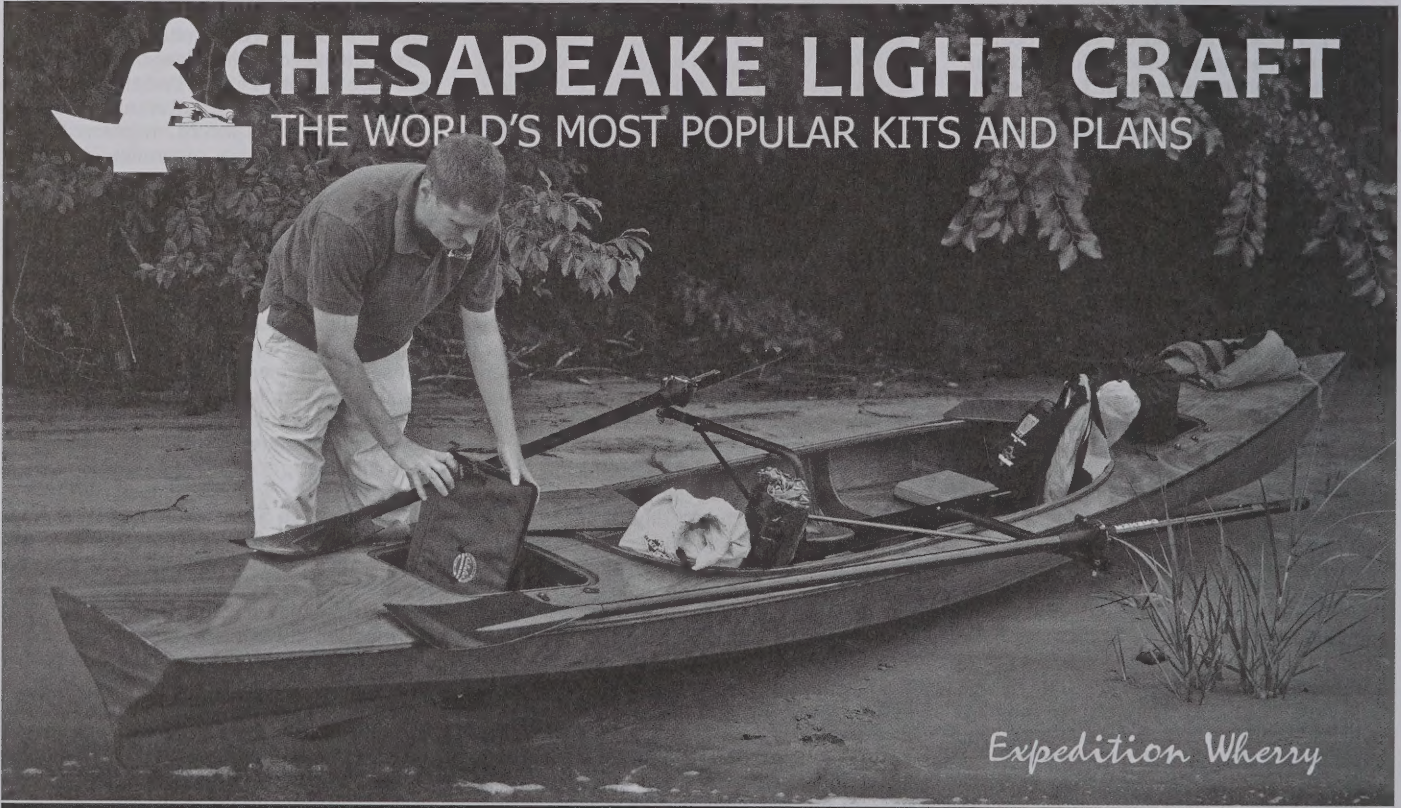
Nancy tells me she was SO proud of me also, which really counts, believe me, and that she was SO glad to see me hit the Gloucester town beach at the Greasy Pole, the finish line. From early finishers and boaters who had dropped out she had heard how rough the race had turned, and she was understandably concerned. She had to wait much longer than the usual 3:30 to 3:50 hours for me to come into sight, but she finally picked me out with her field glasses. "He is coming. He did it!"

Yes, I did it, but it was not easy, folks! Let's see what next year brings, my 15th Blackburn Challenge. In the meantime I will be proudly wearing this year's T-shirt with the very apropos logo:

"2015 Blackburn Challenge
Row it... paddle it... if you can
They that go around Cape Ann in boats
Honoring Howard Blackburn"



Boat: 20' 6" STORM by Outrigger Zone, Hawaii. Total weight: 20 lbs (seamless carbon fiber).
Paddle: 50" carbon fiber bent-shaft and spare by Zaveral, NY (10 oz. each).
2-quart Dromedary hydration system with Cytomax (mounted in front of canoe seat).
Ritchie compass (mounted on bow).
Joseph Garland: *Lone Voyager*. Touchstone, New York, 1963.
Distances given in statute miles.



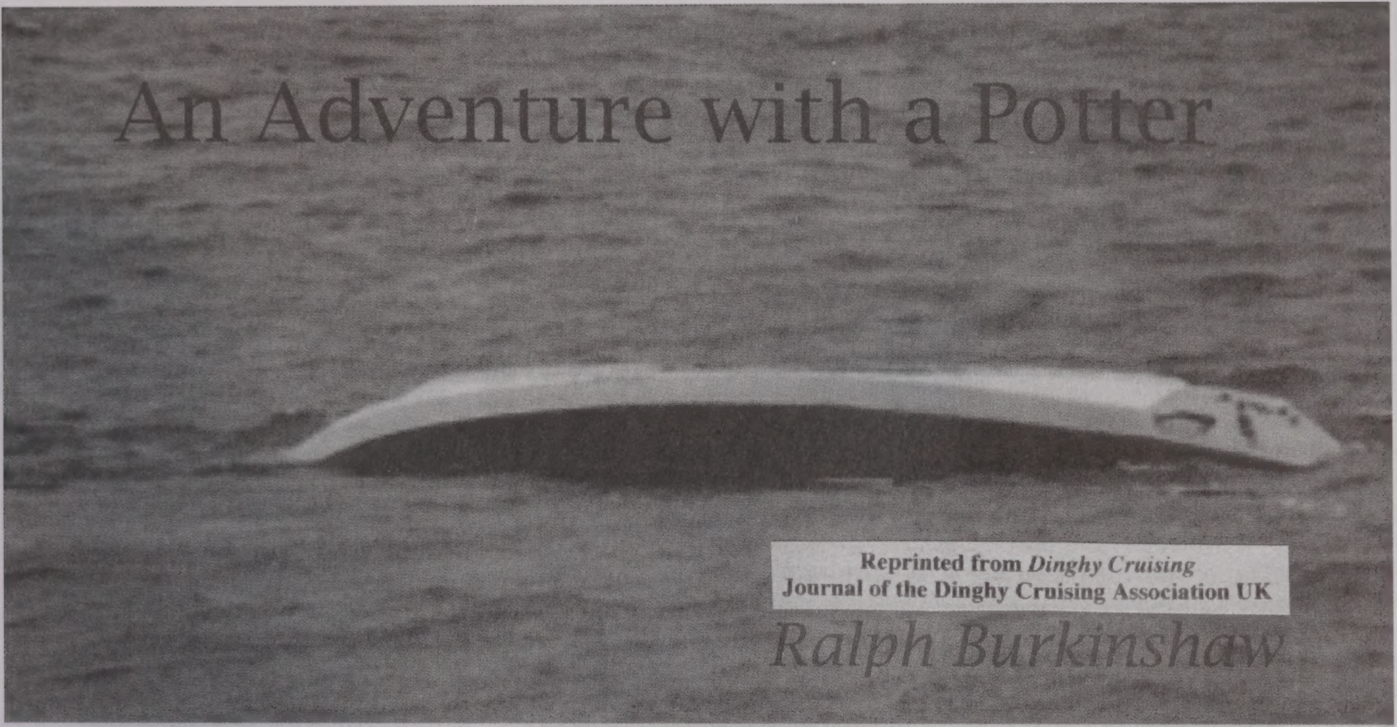
CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT
THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR KITS AND PLANS

KITS & PLANS FOR KAYAKS • CANOES • SUPs • ROWING CRAFT • DINGHIES • SAILBOATS

95 AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS | EPOXY, MARINE PLYWOOD, TIMBER, AND MORE | BOATBUILDING CLASSES SINCE 1994

CALL 410-267-0137 OR VISIT CLCBOATS.COM FOR A FREE CATALOG AND MUCH MORE!

An Adventure with a Potter



Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

Ralph Burkinshaw

You've never seen a West Wight Potter upside down ..? Well Ralph has, and here he shares the salutary experience of turning it over; or rather, watching helplessly while she did it herself with him on board. Photographs courtesy of Dave Smith, DCA 1212.

IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME **I had ventured out into the evocative Walton Backwaters. Many happy hours had been spent sailing from Walton, most often in the Skipper 17 of Dave Smith, aboard his nicely turned out craft *Mischief*, and often meeting up with our late sailing companion Ted Jones in his own beautiful Sunspot 15, *The Genie*.**

Most often it was plain sailing but we had had the odd scrapes, sometimes running aground on the mud spits or becoming becalmed, or perhaps holing up in Hamford Water waiting patiently for the weather to ease up so we could sail to the rivers Orwell, Stour, Deben, Crouch – or Blackwater perhaps to follow in Maurice Griffiths's wake.

Maybe a sense of false security had crept in. After all, I'd been messing about in boats since about 12 years old and had hardly ever got a bootful! I just recall once semi-capsizing a clinker National 12 on Itchenor reach and once dipping the gunwale of my beloved Skipper 17 *La Crevette* when a violent gust took me by surprise near Dell Quay, but just a bucket or two of estuary water slopped into the cockpit, nothing more.

The lack of major incidents was due to my not liking to venture out in windy conditions. For decades I played it safe.

On July 9th, 2014, on Hamford Water in the Walton Backwaters we were waiting for better weather. It was really windy. Probably a fairly constant force 5-6 with quite worrying gusts of I'd guess force 8. At times like this you wish a giant hand could pick the boat up and deposit it safely ashore, but you are right in it and it might be hard to get out of it.

The continual slapping and frapping and banging and jarring was annoying and worrying. My newly acquired Class C West Wight Potter was at least safely rafted up to Dave's robust Signet 20 *Saffron*. Sitting in my little cabin I'd noticed that the centreplate (weighing in at about 60 lbs) was rattling rather a lot, and there was a small crack at the front end of the casing at the top. This was rather unnerving, so I decided to raise the centreplate. In this kind of noisy, jarry and windy scenario I find my state of anxiety rises and I began to wish I had never launched! It was not very comfortable in such a chop,

Marie rafted up to Dave's larger Signet 20, *Saffron*

being tied up to another boat, having to regularly adjust fenders, etc.

The thought occurred that if I motored upstream I could find a more sheltered location in one of the offshoot creeks, perhaps Landermere Creek. So all warps were untied and little *Marie* duly motored up harbour to a hopefully safer spot.

When I was to turn into Landermere the mainsail had broken free a little from its ties, half way down the boom, through not having been neatly enough tied up. The tack also broke free a little and these pocket handkerchief patches of sail area were quite enough for the by now frightening gusts to grab a purchase. The boat also has flat sides and therefore considerable windage for a boat of its weight and size. I felt completely out of control as we were grabbed by the power of the wind. This was the first time on a boat that this had happened for me. It was not unlike being on a roller coaster heading downwards.

I turned the boat off the wind as best I could and we took off towards Landermere like an express train. The wind had about 80% of the control and me the remaining 20%. I decided to go to the bow and drop anchor. The anchor was dropped but when it dug in the rope became violently taut and in probably no more than a second or two the boat revolved completely like a washing machine drum – there seemed to be no resistance – and I found myself clinging onto the bow of the upturned hull in a state of complete bewilderment.

Note the photograph heading this piece. This is how Dave and I found it the day after the capsize. I knew my recently serviced Mercury 2.5 HP outboard was probably still hanging off its transom bracket under water!

Back to the mishap. I turned my gaze aft and remember seeing a stream of spewed objects floating off down tide in the rapids away from the boat. I couldn't identify exactly what they were.

I discovered, as other Potter owners have before, that the runners along the underside of the hull provide excellent handholds. It was pretty easy to clamber onto the hull and I found myself taking a good look at the hull's condition – thinking this was a good time (and probably the only time) it would be possible to fully inspect it. I was of course complete drenched but I didn't even notice that. It was July and although fairly late in the evening not terribly cold.

There were a couple of moored yachts further down the creek. I waved, but there was clearly nobody aboard. It was frustrating, as on one of the yachts there was a dark shape in the cockpit that looked like a person.

Looking out towards Hamford Water I could just glimpse the yellow distant shape of Dave's boat, probably a mile away. It was only just perceptible above the mud line. I waved frantically but knew it was pointless as he would not be able to see me. He had no idea how events had unfolded.

Thinking about the moments leading up to the inversion, in hindsight there were clearly serious errors in my seamanship. I suppose it's not that helpful to tell somebody, 'You know you really should have noticed that hole in the pavement you just fell down.' Advice from others can sound a bit patronising. But at least from the moment of the incident onwards, a far higher standard of thinking and action kicked in. It was important to get out of this terrible deadly scrape. I thought of my wife and two sons, and I knew that poor decision making from now on might prompt an end to my boating career and even be fatal.

It was worryingly beginning to darken. So some form of action was needed pretty swiftly. I knew I would probably not last the night on an upturned slippery boat hull. You are not supposed to abandon your craft, but this was an exceptional case. Safer off than on.

So I looked at the steep and rather daunting looking mud bank about 80 yards away and dived from the Potter into the creek, making for the bank. A few years back I'd had to wade in thigh-deep mud to help free Dave's fouled anchor on Dugmore Creek spit, so I knew that Walton Backwater mud is softer, squelchier and indeed smellier than Chichester harbour mud!

The swim was much more arduous than anticipated. It seemed to take forever, and it was a bit of a struggle just keeping my head above water. At least one gulp of Walton's muddy water was swallowed. That was, to say the least, a bit demoralising. A bit too close for comfort. I kept dropping a leg down to touch the bottom, but the bottom never seemed to be obtainable. It's a bit eerie lowering your leg into black watery nothingness. The mud bank was so steep. After eventually touching bottom the right hand 'Viking' green ankle high gum boot duly remained stuck in the mud, so the left was angrily kicked off. This was not the first pair of items to be separated. Then the trudge up the mud bank in soggy socks.

But at least I was now on 'land' and might make it through this little escapade. I felt as if Round 1 had been safely negotiated. Now the bleak night to conquer!

I took stock at the top of the mud bank, standing in sopping wet muddy socks. Now I had to somehow negotiate an east coast mud flat. I didn't know exactly where I was – I thought it might be Horsey Island, which has a bed and breakfast facility. Rather, I thought there might just be a building on the distant horizon, like a mirage, so I headed off towards it.

It was bit like entering a maze with a number of ominous-looking muddy creeks to try and avoid. I had no choice but to swim across the first, which was about as wide as a stream. The water felt surprisingly warm and comfortable. After the longer swim from the hull (I'd stopped calling *Marie* a boat) this seemed very simple to get across. So once again I found myself slurping up a short muddy bank to the other side.

More trudging and another smaller wet channel to get across. I almost belly flopped in and with hardly a stroke was pulling myself up the bank on the other side. Soon I reached the edge of the mud flat.

Now I had to cross a flat salt marsh which was covered by brambles – in wet stockinged feet! It was not enjoyable, as any moment I was expecting to feel the thorns. But somehow I managed to avoid them. Then I reached a grassy embankment. I thought I saw what looked like masts at the distant end, so I made for them, walking through the knee-high grass again knowing that it would be so easy to tread on something sharp.

I reached a collection of outbuildings. I felt even more certain by this time that at least that I wasn't going to die. I looked in one of the windows and the room was neatly set out with tables made for breakfast, with homely blue and white chequered table cloths, bowls and cutlery. I could see a kitchen sink on the far side.

On the wall were pictures of wildlife and there were muddy boots by the back door. But everything was well secured and padlocked and I thought it would be selfish to break a window no matter how serious my plight might be. Maybe the Police warning stickers on the window might have put me off committing a crime too! This was clearly some sort of nature education centre for children.

So I looked around for any sort of shed that might be unlocked, but all was well locked and boarded up, except not far off there was an open farm storage building. It had a tractor, a lawnmower and some boxes. It did not have nice stacks of baled hay we all dream of but an unforgiving hard earthen floor! But this was what there was and I'd have to make the best of it. At least I wouldn't get rained on. I was a bit concerned lest any cattle might enter my temporary home.

There were some dirty tarpaulins which I laid out over the floor and luckily there was some mineral wool insulation in a wooden crate, so I placed insulation between the tarpaulins to help keep me warm. I used the plastic covered tractor cushion as a makeshift pillow and lay down to get some rest. I did not dare fall asleep as my whole body and of course teeth were shaking and chattering as it was now dusk and the temperature was falling. I had taken off my boating jacket and waterproof trousers and I just had to keep moving about to try and stave off hypothermia.

I don't know if I nodded off, but I got up at 4:30am just as dawn started to break. Through the night there had been a constant noise of birds squealing – and at one point saw a huge ghost-like barn owl sweep into the outbuilding through the big doorway. That was a stunning sight I must say that will forever live in the memory.

So I got up, frustrated that I had no shoes. I still hadn't a clue where I was. I walked quite a distance along the grassy bank but found no sign of civilisation. I explored the muddy bank off the group of sheds, and found a really filthy dinghy which I reckoned could be my salvation. I untied its heavy slimy green painter , pushed it off the wooden jetty and emptied its water. It looked pretty ragged and neglected but had rowlocks and oars. I noticed on a sign that this was in fact Skipper's Island. I felt a bit like Robinson Crusoe. I still had little clue where I was or more importantly how I'd get back to the marina or that yellow yacht. If you don't know the Backwaters like the back of your hand all the muddy creeks look a bit the same.

So I shoved off the island retreat with the aim of finding my boating pal Dave and his warm safe yacht. I was hoping he'd still be anchored where I left him. After quite a long row against the wind I finally emerged in Hamford Water from what was in fact Kirby Creek, and felt fantastic relief as I caught sight of his yellow boat. I must admit to being a bit tearful; it had been rather a close shave. Dave was amazed by my tale, and it wasn't long before I'd donned some dry clothes and had a few cups of coffee.Maybe it would have been a tad embarrassing arriving at the Marina unshaven, soaked through and shoeless.

The world was back to normal. But now what about my stricken little Potter? I wanted it to be a boat again, the right way up.

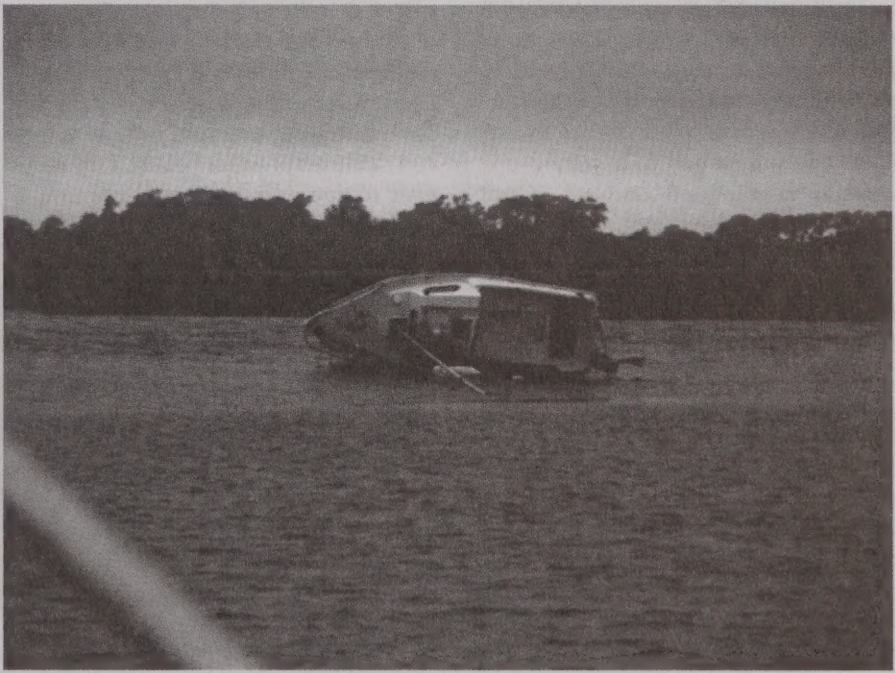
The local boatyard (Frank Halls and Son) were extremely helpful and they were able to come out the next day when they expected that the weather would have eased to retrieve *Marie*.

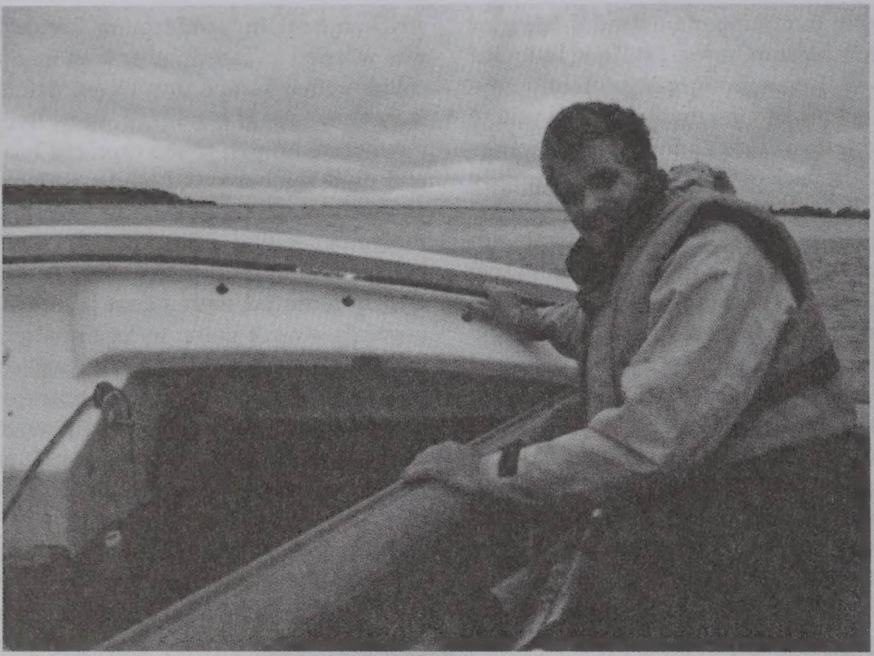
A much more dignified rescue than having to call out a lifeboat. I had already informed the Coastguard there was a stricken boat in Landermere Creek. I was worried in case another boat might collide with it (I had no insurance). Before they came for the salvage operation, we motored down to the capsized boat and used the borrowed tender to ferry as much as we could salvage from it. I remember seeing a Snickers chocolate bar floating in the watery cabin. It was swiftly retrieved with a boat hook as I certainly wasn't going to let fate deny me the pleasure of such a treat! We filled up Dave's boat with plastic crates of rescued gear. The bunk cushions were stacked on the side deck on one side of his cabin. His boat must have looked a bit of a ragamuffin at that stage.

I persuaded Dave to take his camera to record our salvage operation. We tried quite hard to right the boat ourselves with me standing waist deep in water with my feet on the muddy sea bed and Dave heaving the mast, but to no avail. The boat seemed stuck by suction onto the mud. All we could do was get the mast up to about 25 degrees. We'd have had to virtually empty the boat of water to get it up, but we could only bail it out once it was up. At least the mast looked pretty straight. Without Dave's help I would have lost a lot more gear.

The boatyard launch duly arrived the next day and made short work of righting the craft. They were extremely efficient – and took quite a time bailing her out.

Some time later in the day *Marie* became fully exposed on the Essex mud. A little later on as the flood tide rose we were able to tie up alongside in the borrowed dinghy





We used the commandeered dinghy to ferry gear from the semi-submerged craft. At half tide it was not too difficult to fish things out of the cabin with a boathook

They kindly towed the boat back to their yard while we returned the lifesaving tender to the jetty on Kirby Creek.

The most annoying fact was the loss of the rudder and tiller. This assembly was a beautiful piece of kit and impossible to buy a replacement. Making a replica would be one hell of a task – it was not a simple plywood item. It had curvature and design and was made of quality hardwood. Anyway I phoned Titchmarsh Marina a few days later and a kind sailor had handed in a rudder which was now in their store room. They helpfully took a photo of it and it was clearly *Marie's* so I was more than happy to drive from SE London to Walton to pick it up. It now has the boat name marked on it, and of course it will be securely tied on from now on. I would have liked to thank the kind mariner who retrieved it, but he had given no name. My elder son, however, had certainly named the unfortunate Potter: *Tipper*! This is going to be hard to live down.

In the boatyard Marie was given a good hose down with special attention to jetting out the mast slot, which was full of East Coast mud! The craft looks better than she really is as inside was a liberal coating of smelly Walton mud that took several weeks to finally see the back of. The foam mattresses were especially difficult to dry out. This type of boat is to my way of thinking a 'dinghy with a permanent lid' so not really a boat that ought to take part in DCA rallies! And because its hull is that of a dinghy it needs to be handled like a dinghy, with due consideration for its lack of built-in ballast.

Nobody picked up the oar that had floated off: you can't win them all. I had lovingly sanded and varnished it over the years so it was a sad loss. The oar that was salvaged is kept in the garage. It is probably unlikely it will ever meet up with its partner again so maybe it might one day start a new career as a sculling oar.

Since that event a number of essential upgrades and changes have been made to the boat and my own procedures, for example:

1) 25 litres of water ballast. I refuse ever to spend hard-earned cash on bottled water, but five huge 5-litre bottles of spring water proved the exception. I plan to add more, and especially when on the boat alone.

2) A large mast float to prevent inversion – a kingsize big boat fender. This now remains hoisted at the top of the mast at all times. I know it looks a bit like a child's cycle outrider, but who cares! It's no fun finding yourself astride an upturned hull. And in a cruiser perhaps more of a concern than with a dinghy, as you will probably stand to lose far more valuable possessions, for example electronics and also it's likely to be a whole lot harder to right the craft.

3) A system for anchoring from the cockpit using a substantial bow roller. It works a treat. The anchor just pulls up and sits snugly on the roller ready for an instant drop. This simple method is far easier to set up than other complex procedures I have come across. The only downside is you need to reduce the amount of chain attached to your anchor. There are extra new cleats of substantial size bolted on the cabin top.

4) Fibreglass repairs to the front end of the centreplate casing, an improved pulley system for raising and lowering the centreplate and a system for operating the centreplate tackle from the cockpit, so the cabin door can be tightly shut during the more lively sailing trips.

5) I will try to keep keys, cashcard and mobile phone safely on my person in a waterproof and ideally floating pouch. New car keys cost me a lot of money.

So next time you're in Walton backwaters look out for the oar, a folding boarding ladder, a water can, a cockpit hatch, a set of car leys, a cabin hatch, a bilge pump, a camping gaz stove, a wader, a lead line, kedge anchor and warp and loads of other lost gear. And give your name when you hand them in so I can personally thank you .

Since that fateful July, *Marie* has completed several modest cruises. In the same way as one would be very wary of remounting a horse that had just bolted, or the first ride after coming off a motorcycle, the author was extremely cautious and on edge for much of the time on the water. This will no doubt dissipate as confidence is gradually regained on a boat that needs very careful handling. *RFB*

Back in the marina, hosed down and on her trailer

Preparing for the Texas 200

From Jackie Monies
(Written prior to the 2010 event
but still applicable for 2016)

Thanks to Kevin O'Neil

Thanks to Kevin O'Neill, a Texas 200 veteran who collected most of this data, and thanks to all those who sailed in 2008 and 2009 for contributing their suggestions for those who aspire to begin the voyage or just complete it. Sail on!

What is it about the Texas 200 that makes it such a hard event to complete? Why do roughly 40% of all the boats that leave Port Mansfield never make it to the end in Magnolia Beach? Is it the type of boat sailed, the weather, the climate, the sailor himself or just bad karma? A number of veterans of the endurance sail that is the Texas 200 responded with comments, suggestions and advice for those considering the event for the future.

"First, it's serious!" Skip Johnson

Perhaps of all the answers Skip Johnson's said it best. Skip has never completed the Texas 200 but he continues to try. "First, it's serious. Even the well prepared operate at the mercy of the Fates and Murphy. Second, a flexible attitude coupled with the appreciation of where you are, physically, mentally, emotionally and navigationally are essential when challenges arise. Third, enjoy the adventure. It would have been nice to arrive at Magnolia Beach sans the hitchhiking, but I don't regret having made the effort. The whole experience was one of adventure, companionship and finding your limits."

"Boat prep and equipment, while important, are less an issue than attitude and character." Gordo Barcomb

Reading over sailors' comments one criteria stood out as most important. Gordo Barcomb, Puddleduck Racer, said it all, "Boat prep and equipment, while important, are less an issue than attitude and character."

"I would add that really I have done so many things in life that tried my strength and ability to persevere. If someone has a history of giving up or avoiding challenges, this isn't for them. I love having to really struggle to achieve. That's who likes this stuff!"

"How badly do you want to make it?" Jon Kowitz

Another Puddleducker, Jon Kowitz, agreed with Gordo. "First and foremost, there is contending with the course's hazards and basic necessities. If you've got the basics covered, then after that it's all attitude. How badly do you want to make it? If you want it badly enough, you'll drag the wreckage of your ruined boat to Magnolia Beach with your bare hands. If you don't really want it, you'll give up and pull out the first time you ship a little water over the nose of the boat."

So it is an endurance event. Conditions are not always favorable, there are hazards, there is a lot of wind and sun, skinny water and long hours on the water. 60% of those who started in Port Mansfield finished, 40% did not. Even those who did not finish, who lost equipment or even boats, still gave the Texas 200 a thumbs up. Most will be back again in 2010 to try to make it to Army Hole or all the way to Magnolia Beach, whatever their personal goals of completion are. For each sailor the goal and the achievements taken away from the Texas 200 are both different and personal. But many agree it has changed their lives for the better. They invite others to join them and offer advice to make it to the end.

"It's a five day, 200 mile survival test." Kevin Nicolin

"The Texas 200 is not a sailboat race," says Kevin Nicolin. "It's a five day, 200 mile survival test. This mind set is the key to the successful completion of the route. The wise skipper will adopt a conservative sailing approach so as to not overstress his boat in the typical 20 to 30 knot winds that dominate the event."

Additionally Kevin notes, "The Texas 200 is not for the novice sailor, nor for the unskilled navigator. An abundance of shoals and navigation challenges demand not only careful advance planning, but quick, decisive and correct decision making as a variety of restricted water maneuvering situations are negotiated. Additionally, the prevailing local weather conditions require an experienced skipper who can react properly to extremely challenging circumstances at sea."

Trust your boat, you can survive anything." Andrew Linn

"The Texas 200 is more mental than physical," agrees another Ducker, Andrew Linn. "The wind is strong, but nearly constant. Some of the water is large, but it is warm and shallow. The route is desolate but there are many people out there as well as cities and towns. While it isn't particularly safe, a person would have a hard time dying during the Texas 200. While it isn't particularly difficult, you have to be determined to finish. If you wanna prep for the Texas 200 in a PDR, go sit outside in the sun and the wind for ten hours. Did you like that? OK, now do it for four more days!"

Andrew's number one piece of advice? "Trust your boat. Trust your boat, you can survive anything. And "pod up." The human spirit is an exponentially additive entity. Doing the Texas 200 solo would be a disheartening experience. It's all mental. The more Ducks there are, the easier it is, but it ain't ever easy.

"Attitude is definitely a big factor." Chuck Pierce

"Attitude is definitely a big factor in successfully completing any challenging or potentially risky endeavor," agrees Chuck Pierce. "When we got back to Port Mansfield on Sunday evening after we had made the shuttle to Magnolia Beach, I can remember commenting to my brother in law Bryon who crewed with me, "Well, at this point we are committed to finishing." Although I would be the last one to second guess anyone's decision to pull out and think no less of those who did, our boat would have had to have been damaged to the point that it was unsailable for us to have quit. It was a challenging course but we knew that going into the event."

"The most important thing is the boat." Chuck Leinweber

Chuck Leinweber, owner of Duckworks magazine began the TX 200 two years ago as a way to get a few friends to join him in a sail along the south Texas coast. Those friends have morphed into an army of devotees. Chuck believes that the most important thing is the boat. "It should be handy and shallow draft. You need to be able to get it off a reef by yourself or with your crew. If you go aground, and you will go aground, you don't want to be wrestling that thing in neck deep water. You want to be in knee deep water or less so that you have a chance of getting back to deeper water."

He adds, "You need a boat that will reef easily. The second most important thing is to reef early and reef often. Don't be afraid to reduce sail, usually your boat will sail better, often faster with less sail. That is counter intuitive but true. After those two important things there are a lot of less important things."

"No one is going to do well on the course we are traveling in a deep keeled boat. You could sail the Intercoastal Waterway just fine, but this is beach cruising and you need the right boat for it." Chuck commissioned Jim Michalak to design the Laguna 23 specifically for such beach cruising. A fleet of Lagunas are being built with shallow draft, large open cockpits, leeboards and beach friendly design.

"You need a boat that can handle shallow water, high winds and steep bay chop with waves to 4'." Stan Roberts

Stan Roberts, veteran of both years sailings, echoes Chuck's thoughts on bringing the right boat. Stan says, "The Texas 200 is not a race. There is no race committee to yell at when your boat is dismasted, rolled, the rudder shredded, all your gear lost. Additionally, Stan adds, is the fact you will have to push your boat off from shoals or beaches, probably tow it some distance by hand, usually in waves and often against the wind. "Just because you already own a Blubber 9 or a Screaming Photon 12 doesn't make it a good choice." Stan knows what he is talking about. The first year his Piccup pram was overpowered by large waves in Aransas Bay. The second year he brought a larger boat.

No one will deny that the Puddleduck Racers have successfully sailed the Texas 200 in their small 4'x8' boxy boats. All Ducks have made it to Magnolia Beach in both years, rescuing and assisting many others in the 2009 sailing. They are undeniably the heroes of the TX 200 legend. Yet Kevin Hahn, who crewed on several boats and was himself involved in more than one rescue and assist worries that this very success will lull other small boaters into a false sense of security in attempting the Texas 200.

"I think the other big thing people need to watch out for is what I call the "Puddleduck Trap." Kevin Hahn

A lot of people may look at the Texas 200 stories and think to themselves, "If these guys can do that in those 8' Ducks, then my 9'-14' pond sailer will be just fine." Kevin added, "I think this is a serious misconception and needs to be avoided. The only real limiting factor on a Duck is speed. If you pulled the mast and rowed, you could use the average Duck as a small rescue craft. With a high freeboard and a modest sail plan, you are just moving slowly and steadily. The Ducks have a much higher stability than people give them credit for."

"Choosing a good partner and starting with the right attitude." Kim Apel

Californian Kim Apel crewed on a Core Sound 17 in the 2009 sail. "Among the things I got right were choosing a good partner and starting with the right attitude. We never had a cross word between us, despite a fair amount of stress. We were in an appropriate boat, the Core Sound 17, but among the things we didn't get right was not having tools and spare parts to respond to problems when they came up with the boat. The boat wasn't prepared for the stresses that were experienced. We did seek help and accept it when needed and that kept us in the game for a while."

"Skinny, tipsy boats are not good..." Bobby Chilek

A two time veteran of the Texas 200, Bobby Chilek, feels that in preparing for the Texas 200 boat selection and preparation of the boat are very important. "Skinny, tipsy boats are not good, but heavy keel boats are not much better if you head into shallow water. The boat needs to handle a following sea. If conditions are the same as for the past two years, you will be in 3'-4' seas at times. Make sure you can handle your boat in rough conditions for long periods, the hours turn into days."

Bobby says, "Check your reefing capabilities, winds in excess of 20mph with gusts to 30mph have been the norm the past two years. Go over the boat with a fine tooth comb, pay careful attention to the rudder, mast and any standing rigging. The rudder will be subjected to some heavy loads in the following seas. The mast will be seeing more wind than most of us normally elect to sail in. Materials for the boat need to be of the strongest capabilities to withstand the stresses."

"If you select a good boat, prepare it well and practice in the roughest conditions you can, these three steps will put you on your way to completing the Texas 200," Bobby feels.

"The Texas 200 requires a sturdy boat built to withstand high winds and seas," says Kevin Nicolin. "It should be of shallow draft and, most importantly, have the ability to reduce sail. Mainsails should have two rows of reef points, jibs with roller furling capability are a big plus. The skipper and his crew must be able to reduce sail quickly, often in a downwind scenario." Kevin believes that only the most highly skilled skippers should attempt to sail the Texas 200 single handed.

"We go to Texas for the wind. Be prepared for it." Mike Monies

The importance of reefing was stressed over and over in all sailors' comments. Mike Monies, who was dismasted in a capsize, felt it was the most important point to emphasize for new members. "We go to Texas for the wind. Be prepared for it. It is going to blow steadily and often in higher gusts. You must have reef points on your sails. You must be able to reef your sails from inside the boat while on the water." Mike had only one set of reef points on his leg o' mutton sail in 2009 but will have two sets of reef points on the lug sails he will use in 2010. He pointed out that many types of sails are difficult to reef down well or easily and should be considered when planning what kind of boat or sails to use.

Kenneth Purdy agreed with Mike's viewpoint on reefing. "Many people had trouble because they did not reef early enough. Reef early and if you make your own sails, heavily reinforce the sail in the area around the reef points."

Kevin Nicolin points out, "Last year my son and I sailed our Core Sound 17 with both main and mizzen double reefed four of the five days of the Texas 200. If your style is to maximize canvas in order to sail as fast as possible, you're asking for trouble and this event is probably not for you."

"You are going to get more wind than you are used to." Dan St Jean

So have a deeper reef than you think you need, "advises Dan St Jean. "Know when to reef! Either use the Beaufort scale or some other visual reference. Wind indicators have to be combined with boat speed downwind in order to get true readings." Dan added, "You are going to be going downwind for at least two days. Make sure you can sail balanced without weather or lee helm in 20 knots downwind without too much stress."

Many others agreed with Dan on this point. "Some of the boats did not have adequate reefing capabilities," agreed Chuck Pierce. "Make sure you can reef to the point that the boat can sail well in 20-25 knot winds."

Gordo Barcomb admits he did not realize the importance of reefing. "My big issue was reefing. I thought I wouldn't need to since I had a small sail. Wrong!!!" Fellow Ducker Andrew Linn found that when he finally reefed his sail down on his PDR he not only sailed better but he made better time. He said, "Go figure. Who'da thunk making the sail smaller would make it go faster?"

"How do you prepare for sailing in conditions that may be totally different than those in which you normally sail?" John Welsford

So asks veteran sailor and boat designer John Welsford. "One learns from mistakes and cruisers don't normally push hard enough to make those learning opportunities happen because the consequences are too severe, so when they do push hard they get beyond their experience level very quickly."

John added, "Sail the boat nonstop for ten hours, take it home and change everything that did not work or is not comfortable. Do it again. And again. Three times minimum."

"Be adaptable, have perseverance and be ready to deal with what you are thrown," says Dan St Jean. "Lots of boats had trouble because at home they don't go out on Small Craft Advisory days. That's almost every day in south Texas in the early summer. Don't be fooled by the Intercoastal Waterway. The bays are big and small craft will have trouble with the short, steep chop that it kicks up. Sometimes larger ocean swells are a lot more friendly than the 2'-3' chop you will find in San Antonio Bay."

Skip Johnson points out that to prep for the Texas 200 you need to sail your boat. "Sail your boat. Then sail some more. Sail an overnight trip, sail in high winds, with crew if you intend to sail with a crew, solo if solo."

"An important thing would be to go sailing a few times in the boat you are doing the trip in with whoever is crewing," points out Chuck Pierce. "Because of medical issues we didn't get to do much sailing before the Texas 200. My brother in law and I have spent a lot of time together over the years in other boats, but he had been out only a few times in the Potter 19. It took him a couple of days to learn where everything was and get comfortable with the boat."

Dan St Jean agrees with Chuck. "One lesson we learned was that you must test sail under challenging conditions. In our case we did not do so at all. The second lesson is to bring good crew, single handing a boat on the Texas 200 is more than twice as hard."

"If you've never sailed for five hours straight in at least 25 knot winds with five miles of fetch (the 5-25-5 rule), if you've never gotten underway or maneuvered dockside in those same windy conditions, stay home," advises Kevin Nicolin. "Last year one boat was holed (T-boned) by another attempting a landing in high winds."

Kevin O'Neill advises, "Take the boat you're going to bring, loaded with all the stuff you're going to take and the crew you're going to sail with. Go to the leeward end of the biggest lake you can find, somewhere that there's a lot of fetch so you can actually see some chop. Go on a weekend when there are Small Craft warnings posted with winds over 20mph. Sail all weekend without stop, back and forth, beating and running and reaching. Put 40 miles on your GPS both days. Get used to several hours of on end steering. When you need to eat or pee or drink or put on SPF 30, someone still has to steer. More than anything though, be sure that you and the boat can both handle big wind and waves for hours on end. That's what you are in for."

"If you are careful and lucky, you won't capsize," Bill Moffitt

Words to the wise about capsize. There were several capsizes in past Texas 200 events, some of which resulted in loss of masts, sails, gear, equipment, even boats. Bill Moffitt offers these observations, "Otherwise, be sure to have practiced this maneuver several times, at least once with all your gear aboard. See where your gear ends up and strap down accordingly. If you don't need your GPS, the VHF handheld, the binoculars or the bailing bucket, then don't bother to tether them to the boat at all times."

Adds Bill, "Imagine waves slapping up over your hatches until you get upright. How much do they really leak? Oh, and where are your oars, shoes, hat, glasses and flask? Do try to plan for the worse."

Mike Monies thought he had tied down his gear securely and attached a tether to his mast. When he dismasted in a capsize he found gear floating away and the mast and sail gone. Mike plans different strategies this year. "I added additional flotation to the Laguna, beyond the plan's requirement. I added more watertight lockers and hatches to stow gear away in. The masts and sails will be more buoyant and secured. Nothing should be loose in the boat. We will have safety lines or tethers for those sailing her."

Safety harnesses and safety lines were strong recommendations from John Welsford, who suggested them to both Stan Roberts and Mike. John W. said, "If sailing single handed in rough conditions and away from the shore, I strongly suggest wearing a safety harness and line. Mine is a bit over 6m long (about 20' feet), has two clips and a full harness. I've been glad of it a couple of times." John explained, "The reason for the long safety line is twofold. One is that I have a hook at the far end and another 2.5m from the end. That enables me to alter my securing point when moving about the boat without having the line unclipped at any time. The other is if the boat is on its side it is then necessary to swim up to the bow and get her head to wind, then back to the mast to get the main halyard loose and the main down, then around to the centerboard to climb up and heave her back upright. With enough length in the safety line you can do all this without unclipping."

"After many years of single handed cruising in open boats I find that staying afloat is not an issue, so a lot of times I do not wear my PFD," John W. admits. "But staying with a boat can be a problem, as it will often drift faster than a person encumbered with wet weather gear and boots can swim. I have come to the conclusion after much experimentation that for the unique needs of single-handed open boats in open waters, the best combination is a kayak vest which allows a lot more movement of the torso and the long tether line with its two clips well apart."

Stan Roberts agreed that Mike's difficulties in the high winds and water after his capsize pointed out the difficulties a sailor faces in righting a small boat in the Texas 200, should they be broached or knocked down. Stan said, "Thanks John W. for the information on self rescue for small boats. I plan to wear my PFD and a safety harness with a long tether on the next Texas 200 because it makes sense in dinghy cruising."

Personal flotation devices or PFDs are absolutely essential for those sailing in the Texas 200 or any other challenge or raid type event. The possibility of capsize, broaching and swamping exists daily, as well as accidental overboards due to slips, falls or other mishaps. The majority of those sailing agreed that they wore their PFDs at all times and the comfort of the style chosen played a major part in doing so. Stan Roberts found that a non inflatable PFD with large pockets for gear worked best.

Stan offers good advice in regards to PFDs. "First, everyone should wear one the entire time you are on the water. In a capsize, the first things that float off are the PFDs. The second thing that floats off is the boat, faster than you can swim. Second, get a PFD that is very comfortable and has pockets. You will wear it if it's comfy and stuffing all the essentials in the pockets saves a lot of searching motions in a small boat. Third, buy a bright color and skip the camo ones, you will want to be seen at a distance. Fourth, inflatable jackets are like parachutes. There is always a question of whether they are going to open/inflate or not when you pull the string. Make sure it has a manual inflation tube also. Mine was designed for kayaking and is very comfortable. In addition it makes a nice pillow at night for camping."

"Back in the '80s while sailing beach cats on the coast, we always wore life jackets." John Miller

"Maybe it was just to get them out of the way or maybe for safety. My favorite PFD was a lightweight jacket with a lot of flotation up front and not much on the sides or back. It worked well in the Texas heat and I still have it and use it on board boats and catamarans." John believes if your PFD is comfortable for the conditions in which you will wear it. He added, "Use the spare square PFD for a seat cushion."

"When sailing or motorboating, I can't see not wearing your PFD," says Gordo Barcomb. "There's little concern for extreme physical strain and the ramifications of hitting the water are all too great. The main reason given for not wearing a PFD is discomfort, so no matter what style you choose, comfort is key. I once saw an older gentleman walking all around Academy Sports with a PFD on. I assumed he was making sure he liked it!"

"Actually my PFD was comfortable to sail in," agrees Mike Monies, "and I wore it constantly on the trip. I never sweated once on the whole trip so it must not have been hot to wear. All vests seem to ride up when you are in the water."

Stan Roberts pointed out, "Mike's a good example. Mike spent 30 minutes to an hour in the water in large waves trying to deal with a capsized boat. He was exhausted by the time he reached land. He lost a lot of his equipment because it floated off after the capsize. However, he was alive, functional and continued on to finish the Texas 200 because he wore a PFD instead of using it as a chair or a footstool."

One sailor who was considering sailing in the Everglades Challenge a few years ago took this exact advice. He did all the above. And? He did not sail in the Everglades Challenge. He saw his limitations when confronted with sailing conditions that exceeded his experience.

"There is no such thing as packing too much whiskey." Bill Moffitt

Bill Moffitt, veteran sailor, said the same thing. "This should be a step down from other things you have done in the past, not a step up. If you are not prepared you are putting not only yourself in danger but those who will try to help you in danger. And that is not fair." "Most importantly, bring enough whiskey to see you through to the end. There is no such thing as packing too much whiskey," Bill said. Or, as the Ducks would put it, "Now we know why the rum is always gone."

CLASSIC YACHT REGATTA & BOAT SHOW 1990

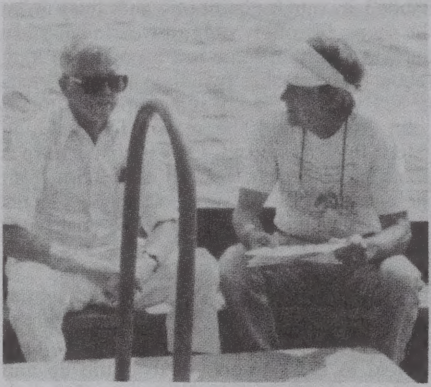
Here Come de Judge

When I received the invitation from Paul Coble to be a judge at the the 11th Annual Classic Yacht Regatta at the Museum of Yachting in Newport, Rhode Island, over the Labor Day weekend, I thought, well, sure, this'd be a great lark, but what do I know about judging classic yachts? I accepted Paul's invitation with the caveat that I didn't feel I was qualified for the role. That didn't get in the way, Paul was delighted to have me, he replied. Paul's a professional marine surveyor and a volunteer at the Museum. In the latter role he was given the task of rounding up willing volunteer judges for the event. He collected about 16 an all, loaded with credentials; professional restorers, museum curators, prominent yachtspersons, yacht yard proprietors, "Wooden Boat's" Jon Wilson. What was I doing here?

About 60 boats had to be scrutinized in about two hours. Can this be serious? How do you judge so many classic yachts in so short a time? We were to learn this at a meeting Sunday morning prior to the judging. The group assembled in the Phil Weld Library upstairs in the old Fort Adams structure that now houses the Museum of Yachting. After Museum Director Kathy Abbas explained the Museum's philosophy on classic yachts, namely an appreciation of their merits and the care their owners bestow upon them, Paul announced the assignments to the two-person judging teams, apparently an arbitrary pairing off, and gave each team the list of boats they were to inspect.

My partner was "pressed ganged" into duty. Sherm Morss had come with his wife Elizabeth, "Sis", who had been asked to judge, based on her youthful experiences as the only woman on the afterguard crew of both "Shamrock" and "Endeavour" in the late '20's and early '30's, along with a lifetime involvement in racing (she is the daughter of Marblehead's Chandler Hovey), including 12 meters her family raced. When Joel White begged off from the judging, citing other demands upon his time, Paul turned to Sherm and said, "As long as you're here, Sherm, would you..." Sherm gracefully agreed. So here I was partnered with a man with a full lifetime of serious big scale yachting.

Well, so how was it to be done? Each boat sheet we had listed the boat and its type, but nothing else had been filled in. Paul didn't get much clerical help obviously. Sherm and I had six boats, all with names beginning with the letter "S". An alphabetical division of responsibilities apparently. Each sheet had nine categories, each of which we were to judge on a 1 to 10 scale. This looked to be a very intimidating task given the time available to us. We were to take note of authenticity, aesthetics, hull construction, decks, deckhouses and deck equipment, interior, spars and rigging, propulsion systems, cosmetics and seaworthiness.


Sherm Morss and the editor ready to go judging.

Initially the challenge was to find our boats on the packed floats, or worse yet, out on moorings. We had some indication of where each was, but people moved their boats around. We had three Herreshoff "S" boats on our list, so decided to get to them first, being the simplest and easily spotted by their curved masts in the forest of spars. Most were all on one float, but lo, several had no names on their transoms, including two of ours. Some inquiry of nearby "S" boat crews on hand revealed our subjects. And then I came to realize how the judging procedure could be short cut.

The awards were to go to "Best in Fleet", "Best Sail", "Best Power" and a dozen "Judges Choice". Our three "S" boats soon revealed themselves to not be contenders. None of the owners were present despite knowing the judging was scheduled for that morning. All were locked up. One was quite tidy but a bit rough and with an outboard still hung on the transom. The other two had the debris of the previous day's racing and lunch still scattered in the cockpits. Sherm pointed out, "If they cannot even clean up their boats, nor be here, how serious can they be?" Scratch three "S" boats.

Next was a 54' English built sloop, "Shiris", owned by John Clayman of Marblehead. She was rafted about four boats out at the end of a pier, and we boarded her to find nobody home. But the pennant for judging was attached to the forestay so we made ourselves at home, spending quite a bit of time belowdecks, for this is where this craft really shone. What a gorgeous interior! The outside was also pretty damn nice by my standards, the only clanger came when I noted the boom was an aluminum roller reefing setup, quite out of step with the rest of the rig. Nicely painted buff and all, but still aluminum. Not a big deal, but probably this would knock her out of the top choice categories. While we would not see most of the other boats, surely there would be a couple that would be incrementally better.

Later we met the owner, and learned that his family included two youngsters, which accounted for the forward cabin setup with child care equipment. John races the boat in the Bermuda Race and others, and they cruise extensively all summer. A used as well as preserved classic. He acknowledged the boom being not quite right but it was a good one and he'd not yet gotten around to it. John had lived aboard the first five years he owned the boat, after stripping it out entirely and redoing the whole interior to its correct form, with many new custom-made bits, such as cast bronze floor timbers. Things like that.

Another sloop, "Shimera" and a Concordia completed our assignment, both were noted as being on moorings, so we had to hitch a ride on the Museum launch. We could not find "Shimera", nobody seemed to know where she was, some said she'd left her mooring earlier. So it was on to the Concordia, and we found, after looking for one of the classic Abeking & Rasmussen built yawls that this was a smaller Concordia 28. "Windsong" is owned by Brian Snow and is a beautiful little yacht. I was instantly attracted to the detail work on the restoration, and when the launch deposited us aboard, along with Brian, and we went below, Sherm immediately smiled and noted the correct, and oh so comfortable, Concordia settee berths. We had a great visit with Brian, who is a cabinetamker. He does all the restoration work which he can take home to his shop, while Ballentine's Boatyard on Cape Cod does the bigger boat stuff, to his immense satisfaction. He could

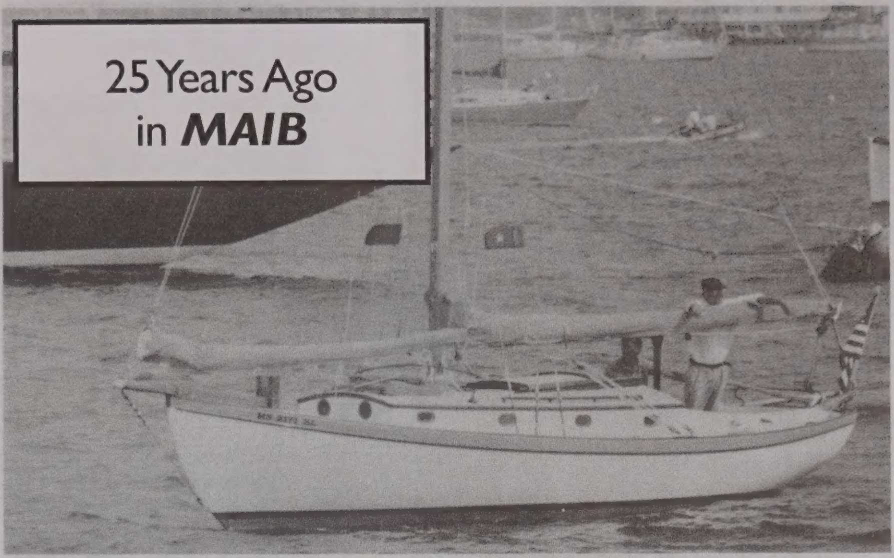
25 Years Ago in *MAIB*

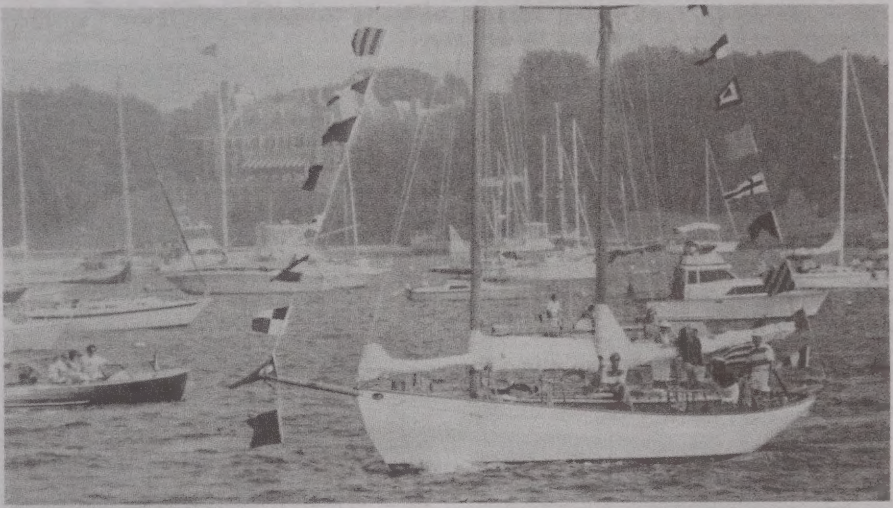
not too highly praise the work of that yard.

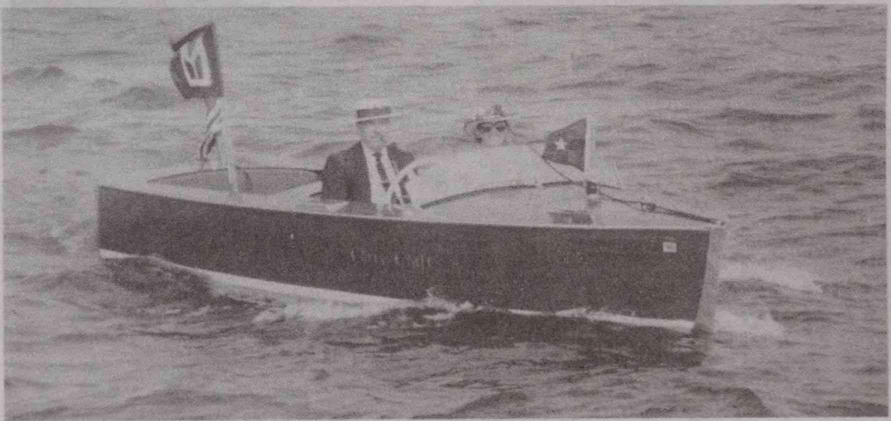
I loved this boat as it was more "my scale". No, I'll never be able to own even a 28 footer, but it did feel more like something I could handle. And it was a very nicely set up craft. The intrusion of the inevitable electronics was the only out-of-place detail inside; well, perhaps the not quite finished forward semi-bulkhead of painted plywood too. Brian is five years along in his restoration and sails her all season. He was leaving Newport for a vacation cruise to Maine, single handed.

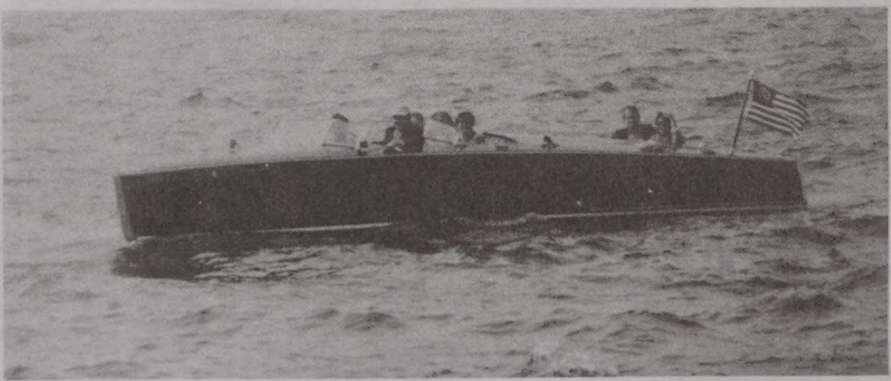
With the scrutineering completed, the judges assembled again in the Weld Library to evaluate the reports. Paul ran down the list of boat names and the respective judges initially noted only boats thought candidates for the top spots, or for special "Judges' Choice" categories, which, it turned out, were to be ad hoc categories determined by the boats themselves. We were able to offer up "Shiris" and "Windsong" for "Judges' Choice" awards only. The contest for "Best in Show", and the subsidiary "Best Sail" and "Best Power" awards absorbed the most discussion time.

A philosophical issue had to be resolved before "Best in Show" could be chosen. It seemed that the most perfectly restored boat was a power boat, "Davey Jones". It was perfect because it was apparently only used for show, trailered in, and towed to the dock by an inflatable so as not to run the engine in salt water. Finally the consensus was that a boat ought to be used in order to be considered a boat and not a "collectible". With this decided, the contest narrowed to the large schooner "Spirit" and the yacht "Westertill". A second look at each was determined to be needed, so the judges involved went out for the second look. The choice then went to "Spirit", just a bit better in detail, although "Westertill", considering her history of an Atlantic crossing dismasting and deckhouse destruction in a gale, and heroic subsequent self-rescue, was greatly admired. "Westertill" then became "Best Sail". "Best Power" went to "Red Witch", while the perfect boat, "Davey Jones", was awarded the "Highest Museum Standards" award, one of those ad hoc categories we had to come up with.







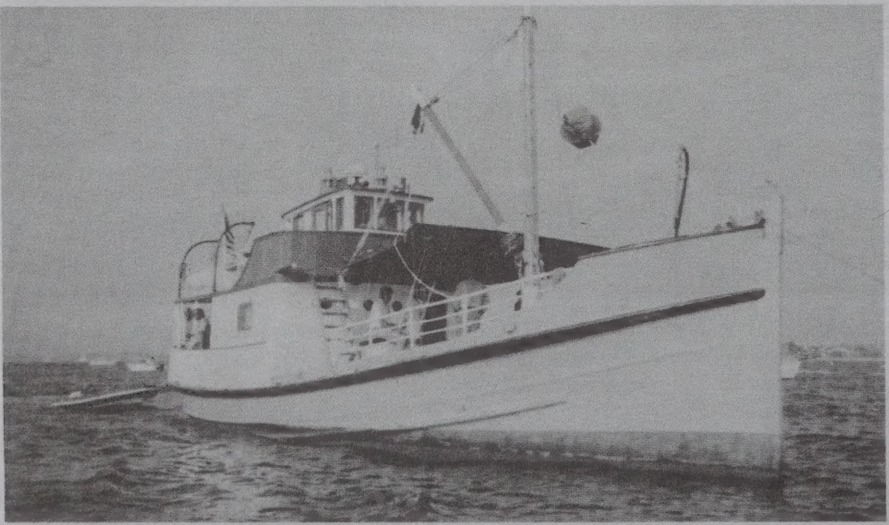


Right from the top: the Concordia 28 "Windsong" owned by by Brian Snow won two "Judges' Choice" awards. "Best in Fleet" was this beautiful schooner "Spirit". This couple was having great fun in their little 17' Chris Craft runabout and period costumes. So was this larger group.

The parade from up front, Mystic Seaport's schooner "Brilliant" in the foreground, power cruiser "Foto" next.

BERT
NEWPORT
MUSEUM OF YACHTING

The dixieland band serenaded the fleet from the Museum launch.



"Record", Ron Ackman's 65' ex-Norwegian coastal freighter served as our "press boat" for the parade, carried judges and other involved persons at the head of the parade. This is some kind of cruising power boat indeed.

Well, "Shiris" was awarded the "Noteworthy Interior" award and my favorite, "Windsong" received two "Judges' Choice" awards, "Great Expectations" and "A Gem of a Boat". I liked these "Judges' Choice" awards, a great idea. So subjective. The others that were made were "Phoenix Award" to "Secret", brought back from a total burnout; "Best Owner Maintained" to "Whitejacket"; another "Great Expectations" to "Dog Star"; "Exceptional Condition Despite Daily Use" to the power cruiser "Foto"; "Excellence of Ongoing Maintenance" to "Dovekie" and "Neith"; "Magnificent Grand Yacht" to the 80' "Electra" motor cruiser; "Fine in All Categories" to "Pelagic". Admiration for the condition of the Museum's "Shamrock V", not in the judging, was expressed in an award, "Outstanding Management of a Classic Yacht" made to Ian Kerr, her sailing master.

Well, it was quite an experience and I really found the way it was done to be attractive, nitpicking minimized, recognition of owners' efforts maximized, no numerical rankings attempted. A good show.

And afterwards, a perk for the judges and their guests was a ride on the parade leading boat, "Record", a 65' ex-Norwegian coastal freighter converted to cruising motor yacht by Ron Ackman and his wife. The parade cruised the perimeter of Newport Harbor, and although somewhat hindered and lost amongst the huge fleet of yachts moored therein, worked out pretty well, with a Dixieland band serenading the classic yachts from the Museum launch as they passed by several key points on the route. Aboard "Record" I was indulging my love for old machinery in the 225 rpm thump-a-thump of the big semi-diesel turning a 44" two-bladed prop and pushing us along at about 5 knots at the idle. Not a fancy done up conversion, with all the good old workaday stuff still in place doing its job. Built in 1934, and in service on the Norwegian coast until the '70's. Quite a catch for Ron Ackman.

An attempt at reviving the Wooden Boat Show as an adjunct to the Regatta and Boat Show was pretty much stillborn, with few exhibitors and even fewer public attendees at a gate admission of $6. With yet a day to go on Sunday afternoon, when we went to the rather remotely located tent housing the show, many of the exhibitors who were there were loading up their displays and planning to cut their losses and go home. Too bad it was not as well organized as the rest of the weekend's events, a good wooden boat show would fit right into this affair.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

A PDR for H-MAN

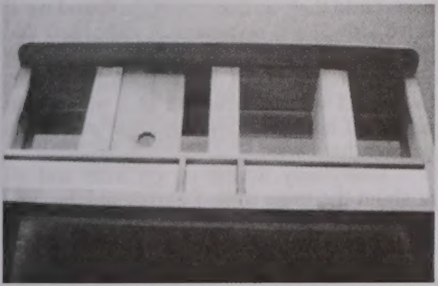
By Dave Gray
Polysail International

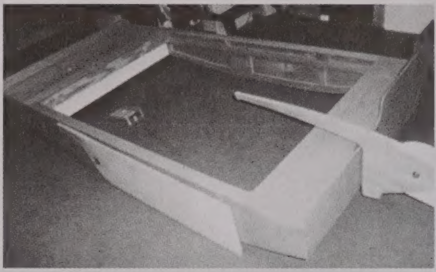
"Mr Gray, this is Henry. We finally finished the boat. Still need to do the rigging but we are getting close. Your instructions are great, can you teach me how to sail. H-MAN?" This message popped up on my iPhone this past summer. The message was from Henry, the grandson of one of my high school classmates. Henry had been fighting cancer since he was in elementary school and, as part of his personal fight against cancer, Henry had adopted the moniker H-MAN and had kept up a blog about his battle with this dreaded disease. During August 2012 I had made a PolySail for Henry personalized with his own H-MAN moniker.

Shortly after I sent off the sail, as I recall, his grandfather Ron floated the idea to me of building a boat with and for Henry that would go along with the sail, something that he could look forward to during and after his multiple bouts with chemo. At some point I mentioned that I had taken two PDRacer kits to the *Wooden Boat Show* in Mystic, Connecticut, and that taking the kit approach might be a great project for the two of them as well as solving some of the shipping problems associated with getting a full sized PDR from South Florida to Cincinnati. The PD Racerm or PDR, I said, was a fairly simple build and resulted in a very stable small scow that was also relatively easy to learn to sail.

Ron liked the idea of this grandfather/grandson project so I set about figuring out how I could build a PDR kit with lots of extra flotation that could be boxed up and shipped within USPS or UPS size limitations. That wasn't the only challenge since a full set of instructions would have to be written that would allow Ron and Henry to assemble their boat when neither of them had a speck of boat building experience. On the other hand, I knew Ron to be a hands on guy who had built a successful business from scratch and I was confident that he could overcome any holes in the instructions or any challenges he might encounter.

After a few fits and starts I finally put together a PDR that I could disassemble and ship for reassembly in Cincinnati as long as Ron was able to purchase and add the 4'x8' panel for the bottom. This PDR featured an off center mast and rudder to make room for a small electric trolling motor as a power option to the sail. One side of the transom is raised and reinforced for the motor mount.





I tried to get Ron to go for a cherry deck but that proved to be a little more complexity and expense than he was ready for. Parts and pieces were labeled and the kit was eventually packed with the sides and some smaller pieces in a second package. The two packages were finally delivered in late November 2012.

I received a couple of photos when the project was initially begun in Ron's basement in Cincinnati but then everything seemed to come to a halt either through one of Henry's relapses or Ron's business obligations. However, I was both delighted and relieved to hear the good news from Henry that the hull had been completed even though nearly three years had elapsed since the first photos. The even better news came when I got Ron on the phone and learned that Henry had recovered about 90% of his health and was now cancer free.

While I couldn't teach Henry to sail from South Florida, I was able to recommend a good basic sailing simulator hosted by *National Geographic* and the Volvo Ocean Race. Here's the URL in case it might help others to learn the basics of handling the sail and rudder: http://www.nationalgeographic.com/volvooceanrace/interactives/sailing/index.html

I hope the next message from Henry includes launch photos and news.

About Polysail International

PolySail International has been supplying low cost, high performance poly laminate sails and sailmaking kits to home boat builders and small boat sailors since 1996. Our experience with poly sailmaking and with poly laminates for sail materials for sailboats, catamarans, canoes and kayaks is unrivaled. And as our research, real world testing and continuing customer feedback indicate, the PolySails we construct do not fail or fail to impress with their durability, appearance and performance. After our sails brought home two PDRacer World Championships in the last three years, numerous finishes in the Texas 200 and entries in the grueling Everglades Challenge and NC Pamlico Sound 300, our high priced competitors are beginning to take notice of our high performing, durable, and inexpensive sails.

PolySail International
Port Saint Lucie, FL 34952
(317) 385-3444 (mobile)
polysail@polysail.com

Here I am attaching my PFD with some of the launch party in attendance. Left to right, Connie Ethier, José Cordero, Kathy Hecht and me.

This is probably my favorite picture of the launch and it's the one that appears on the "Launchings" website in *Wooden Boat*.

Talitha Cumi

By Gloria Burge

"If you can't do what you can't do, do what you can do." One corollary of that old saying, one of my favorites (I don't know where I got it, I hope maybe I made it up), might be, "If you can't have a huge adventure, have a tiny one." Right now there's probably someone out there thinking, "Hey, a tiny adventure can be pretty huge." And they're right.

It occurred to me that there may be a very small percentage of sea stories (if I can call this that, well, the edge of the bay is sort of part of the sea, right?) that start with the protagonist sitting in church, but there I was. The pastor had just gotten to the part where "…he took the damsel by the hand and said unto her "Talitha Cumi…" and the pastor was explaining that a good translation of that phrase was "Little girl, arise." And I sat there and thought, "That's the name of my boat."

So my inner child (that's me resonating with the preceding reference) and also the rest of me (since I don't know if such an elusive construct as an "inner child" can drive a nail straight) arose and began to go forth and conquer, so to speak. I said it that way because it was so much fun to say it that way, but the fact is it took me about two years to complete a "weekend" boat project. Aside from various things that were going on, like being a non traditional student ("non traditional" because of being about 70 or so at the time) at UMA, there was, well, you know that phrase "first cut fever?" Well, how about "second cut fever?" And "third cut fever," etc, and also "This piece doesn't seem to fit fever?" There's also "To put these gunnels on, I'm going to have to turn her up on her side fever." Turning her up on her side doesn't sound very intimidating, right? Heh, heh, heh. Easy for you to say!

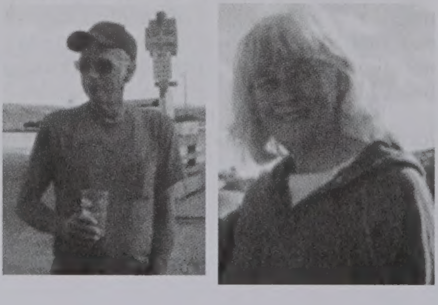
There were also some (at least so they seemed at first) very real challenges such as the fact that the piece of plywood which was to comprise the reinforcing afterdeck was warped and, when placed on the boat where it was supposed to be attached, there was a gap the outline of which looked somewhat like a mountain range, or perhaps like the outline of those enticing islands seen on the horizons in travel folders.

It may be an anticlimax to state that really all I had to do was to attach a nice piece of 1x2 or so spruce (cut the width of the interior and inserted under the deck), some clamps and then some screws, and as I tightened the clamps I watched the outline of the islands disappear as if by magic, or as if, turning our bow to the open sea, we had sailed away again. But anticlimactic or not, it was nevertheless a pretty exciting moment. I mean, hey, there I was in my little camper in the woods, working on my first boat on my improvised work table made from wooden pallets and lo and behold, what had looked like a major obstacle was vanishing before my eyes and I chortled a lot.

Aha. But then next, in order for a boat to be adequately waterproof, it is well for this boat to have a bottom attached. Having stated that, I will go on to state that one problem with a boat that is rectangular in aerial view is that it has been my experience that at some point in the construction process she will decide to try and see what it would be like to be a parallelogram. Beware! If you are ever building one of these don't let her try it, even for a second, because she will decide she likes it and it will take some doing to convince her that being a rectangle might not be so bad after all. Besides, the above mentioned bottom, at least as cut, would fit better like that.

In the process of doing all this, I had moved the boat back and forth between my camper and a small dome I had constructed as a work area as I thought there would be more elbow room in there. The camper was cooler. It was summer. Even if there was more crawling around in close quarters in there at the point where I had to attach the bottom, maybe I should have left her in the camper instead of the dome. In any case, to this day, there is a globe of goop, composed of glue and wood flour, in the small (really small, honest!) groove at one corner of port bow where the bottom meets the bow member. One of these days I intend to do something more professional than that glob of goop. Meanwhile, however, but wait, I don't want to get too far ahead of myself here.

Dick Ethier, owner and manager of Admiral's Ocean Inn, and Zoe Calder, provider of PFD and author of my "Flagship" photo.

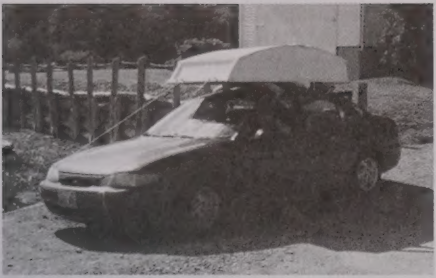


The next scene I see in my mind's eye is of me skidding *Talitha Cumi* along on her chine (perhaps less than ideal but when they talk in the Bolger boat books about one person being able to carry this boat they mean larger, more muscular persons than my small, senior citizen self) along the path in the woods up to where I planned to meet my friend Kathy, who would be transporting us. The trail would be a bit wider there, for one thing, and she and I could carry the boat the rest of the way up to the top of the trail with the handles on the bow and stern. Then we'd attach her to the top of Kathy's car using pool noodles in lieu of a roof rack and some nylon webbing and off we'd go down to the beach next to the Searsport Docks.

When we got up to the top of the trail and started attaching, we found that the webbing was too short. There have been enough warnings in enough stories against shopping in a hurry so that I don't need to add another one. Anyway, there we were. The tide was right and the other members of the launching party would be there in just a few minutes. I'd already told José Cordero, my academic advisor at UMA, Zoe Calder, my friend who had given me my PFD and Dick and Connie Ethier, the managers from Admiral's Ocean Inn that it really was finally happening today and that *Talitha Cumi* and I would be there.

So instead of the webbing we used part of the yacht braid that I'd planned to have in case I wanted to go out with a tether on the stern (just in case, you know). And somehow Kathy just said something like, "OK, so hold this, we'll put this through here and this up here. Hold that, tie that under there and we'll drive slow," and somehow it happened and off we went. At that point everything became very surreal, and if I wasn't absolutely certain that I wasn't dreaming that whole next couple of hours or so, I would be tempted to believe that I was.

Everybody turned up on time and all at about the same time. I christened the boat with bay water (which I poured from a clam shell Kathy had given me) and then she was carried to the shore onto which was roll-



Here she is, arriving on top of the car,with pool noodles in place.

ing enough surf so that Connie thought that maybe I shouldn't go.

It was harder than I expected keeping the surf from turning the boat around and sending her back to the beach, but finally I got a few feet out there and then I just sat there, noticing how delightfully stable a Bolger Tortoise actually is, despite the choppiness of the water. On the other hand, I began to wonder if the better part of my neophyte valor might not be to just start back, especially since (I thought, as I sat there) the people I had invited had other places to be soon and while they were at this point apparently having a good time, I didn't want to push it until they weren't. Anyway, I'd forgotten to attach the "stern tether" and I didn't want to ask anyone to go back to the car and get it (hey, one uses the best data one has to make one's decisions, right).

So *Talitha Cumi's* maiden voyage was a small semicircular route from Searsport Maine, to Searsport, Maine. It states in the "Launchings" webpage in *WoodenBoat* magazine that "She (i.e., me, Gloria) plans to use it for micro mini beach cruising excursions." That was her first and one of my best memories.

KITTERY POINT TENDER

10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS
P.O. Box D • Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
maineboats@roadrunner.com

ATLANTIC
COASTAL
KAYAKER

2015
Our 24th Season

Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?

SUBSCRIBE
NOW!

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker will bring you 36 pages monthly all about sea kayaking, 8 times a year (March through December)

All this
for only $24
(8 issues)

Like to see the next issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: ____________
Address: ____________
City: ____________
State: ______ Zip: ______

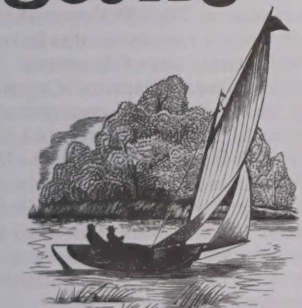
Send check for $24 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520,
Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112
(Phone & Fax)
ackayak@comcast.net

Messing About in Boats
Subscription Order Form

Name ____________
Mail Address ____________
City ____________ State ____ Zip ____

messing
about in
BOATS



Mail Orders
12 Months — $32 (Payable by Check)
To: Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription — $8
Mail Order Only

Internet Orders
12 Months — $36 (Payable by Credit Card
To: www.duckworksbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

Over the Horizon

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

Transportation

US marine designer Incat Crowther will build new 33 meter ferries for Majestic Ferries in Singapore that will be used between Batam and Singapore. These catamarans are under construction in PT Cahaya Sumudra Shipyards in Indonesia and promise to be faster and more efficient than previous ferries. Powered by Man D2862 LE463 main engine and fixed pitch propellers, the ships will maintain 1029kw per hull. Two hundred passengers will be on the main deck but the bridge will be separate and another deck higher just large enough for the main crew of four.

Canadian firm, BC Ferries, has postponed plans to upgrade their ships to LNG in the fall of 2016 and spring of 2017. A corporate spokesperson cited the need for additional time to meet with Canadian Naval officials regarding a plethora of regulations and to allow engineering technologists to develop the tools necessary for such transformations. Seaspan's Vancouver Shipyards, Remontowa SA of Poland and Fincantiere of Italy are projected bidders for the projects. BC Ferries believes that LNG will save approximately 15% on fuel costs.

The centuries old desire for a Northwest Passage is becoming more and more a reality as a sailboat made the trip recently. The boat sailed originally to Dutch Harbor in the Aleutian Islands (did they see the World's Deadliest Catch boats?). The second stop on this adventure took them to Barrow on the northern coast of Alaska and then on to Gjoa Canada in the Queen Elizabeth Islands. The next stop was Resolute in the Ellesmere Islands and finally they sailed down Baffin Bay to Nuuk, Greenland. Sailing is fun but this particular venture seems pretty darn frigid and a long way from blue water and white sands of the Gulf Coast or muddy and fast rivers.

Gray Fleet

The US Navy has sent out Request For Proposal (RFP) for six new fleet oilers (TAO-X). This reminds me of two things. One, when asked about what specifically won the war (WWII) in Europe, General Dwight D. Eisenhower stated three words, "logistics, logistics and logistics." The second historical reminder is that Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor made a surprisingly huge mistake when they ignored the oil bunkers next to Ford Island. The Navy had approximately six months of fuel in gargantuan tanks sitting unprotected just inland of the ships. Had Japan struck those tanks there would have been no Battles of Coral Sea and Midway which Japan called the Battle that Doomed Japan.

What the Navy did not have was oilers. Roosevelt's critics could not understand why we didn't run up and rescue Wake Island, why we didn't make an immediate thrust against Japan, why didn't we chase the carriers as they sailed away from Hawaii. The answer was quite simple. We only had two oilers in the Pacific. No oilers, no way to fuel our ships at sea. Even Samuel Eliot Morrison's 15 volume history of the Navy in WWII missed that one.

At Coral Sea we not only lost the carrier *Lexington,* we lost one of the oilers (although another had been sent to Hawaii). This was a major headache for Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher and Admiral Chester Nimitz. Morison totally ignored this facet of the war and he cited the fuel ship by ship complaining that Fletcher was too conservative in not chasing the Japanese after Coral Sea. Harvard's grand historian evidently had no idea of how much fuel destroyers use in a day. The Navy Historical Center's experts on WWII destroyers noted that what Morison believed to be plenty of oil was actually less than a day's worth at speeds necessary to maintain mission during carrier flight operations!

Furthermore, Fletcher had no oilers to service Task Force 17. (See *In Bitter Tempest*, the biography of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, authored by Stephen D. Regan, or *Black Shoe Carrier Admiral* by John Lundstrom).The point simply is that while the Wing Walkers and Big Gun ring knockers of the Navy want more Big Ships, it is the lonely old supply ships that mean the difference between a successful mission and an utter disaster. Buy the oilers, Navy!

General Dynamics Bath Iron Works are unable to complete Zumwalt class destroyers (DDG 1000) on time because of its limited shipyard space and lack of competent workers, especially electricians. Completion dates have been pushed back at least five to seven months and, of course, overruns are running rampant. Adding to this mess is that BIW is supposed to start immediate work on two more destroyers of the Arleigh Burke class ship (DDG-51). They are also bidding on Coast Guard ships and this current problem is raising many questions in Washington.

The incident comes on the heels of then Secretary of Defense Bob Gates' plan to redesign the fleet by cancelling next generation cruisers (CG-X) and truncating the addition of Zumwalt class ships (DDG 1000). BIW beat the pants off Huntington Ingles Industries in the bidding war for the contracts. Needless to say, HII is running all over the District saying, "We told you so!"

The Zumwalt ships are cutting edge 16,000 ton vessels using a new Integrated Power System (IPS) that generates a shipwide power grid that powers, among other things, the electronic advance induction motors instead of the traditional mechanical drives of the Arleigh Burke that is a linked directly between the motors and the props. The Zumwalts use two Rolls Royce MT30 gas turbines and two smaller Rolls Royce RR450 engines to generate 80 megawatts of power, enough to light a small town.

The Navy is also testing the electronic rail gun for use on the Zumwalts. This weapon uses electricity to fire a smaller projectile at significantly greater speeds that generates an incredibly greater "kill" power than traditional guns. I'll bet it also generates enough electricity to charge the cell phones and iPods.

Sweden discovered a sunken 70' minsubmarine within its border waters and showed photos of what appears to be a Russian sub intact. A Swedish company has been designated to salvage the boat. This particular event has highlighted an ongoing squabble among the Nordic States and Russia with the latter's submarines often spotted within the littoral waters of Sweden, Denmark and Finland. The Nordic countries (not all Nordic countries are Scandinavian countries e.g., Finland is Nordic but not Scandinavian) have increased anti submarine activities in the Gulf of Finland and the Arctic Ocean.

The Navy announced the sidelining of three attack submarines (*USS Minnesota, USS North Dakota, USS John Warner*), because of faulty welding making them susceptible to leaks in the reactors of the nuclear components. Furthermore, the Navy discovered unauthorized third party components in major nuclear systems in all three that were built by General Dynamics Electric Boat. The repairs are being made at Huntington Ingalls Industries. Newport News Shipbuilding is no doubt enjoying this since they came in second to GDEB in the bidding for the shipbuilding. The nuclear systems were either not installed or not started on all three pending inspection of the trio. Submariners are an unusual bunch to begin with but I prefer my fellow sailors not glowing in the dark.

Accidents

A Ro-Ro passenger ship caught fire in the Greek port of Elefsis in the "Kronos" section of the area. Evidently it started aft and blew forward to the bridge before being extinguished by the Hellenic Coast Guard. No pollution or damages were noted. The ship itself was built in 1944.

A Philippines passenger ferry caught fire, killing 36 before it capsized. The *Kim Nirvana-B* was carrying 117 people out of Ormoc City. The boat, called a bunka, is shaped like a canoe with outriggers. Nineteen Filipinos are still missing.

The chief engineer of a ferry boat died when his boat crashed into a cargo ship off the coast of Cebu. The fast ferry *Starcraft 9* collided with the MC *Our Lady of Faith*, tossing the engineer overboard. He was recovered quickly but he was unconscious and died of his injury. *Starcraft 9* was carrying 262 passengers and a crew of 15. While the ferry suffered bow damage, the cargo ship was unscathed.

The bulk carrier *Hai Jian 77* capsized in heavy seas and winds near Xiao Qu Shan Island. Four crewmembers were rescued but five remain missing.

Tian Xiang 69 suffered a crankcase explosion five miles off Bindao Island. Five were injured.

The CEO of Sewol-Operator received a sentence of seven years from a South Korean court for his role in the sinking of a ferry that killed over 300 passengers, most of whom were high school students. Yoo Byung-Sik, the owner of the company, was later found dead. Captain Lee Joon-Seok was sentenced to life imprisonment. The CEO's punishment was reduced when it was shown that he operated on direct instructions of the owner.

The International Maritime Organization's head has voiced deep concerns over Asian ferry accidents. Since 2000, 164 ferry accidents have killed 17,000 people. IMO has been concerned about safety and lack of standards in a region that is very dependent on over water travel. China, Indonesia and South East Asia are specified, however, the chronic accidents of ferries in the Philippines seem problematic.

The Mediterranean again was the center of immigrant disaster, this one a boat carrying over 600 people trying to escape Syria's civil war between ISIS and the murderous dictator Bashar al Assad. Badly overcrowded and piloted by inexperienced immigrant runners, the boat capsized in the middle of the ocean. Italian and Irish Navy ships rescued 400 people but over 200 were dead or missing, many of them children. Irish vessel *Le Nimah* docked with 375 survivors and 25 dead and allowed others to board in an attempt to identify dead children. The Mayor of Palermo was especially upset about the incident, calling Europe selfish in not allowing these people to settle on the continent. He loudly called the unwillingness to take refugees as "genocide."

Forty African migrants drowned when their inflatable boat sank off the coast of Libya. All the victims were from the sub-Saharan countries of Benin, Senegal and Mali. Several of the dead were children.

The *USS Sullivans* (DDG68), named after the five Sullivan brothers from Waterloo, Iowa, who all died in the sinking of their ship in WWII, suffered damage and fire when a missile exploded upon firing. The missile, a SM-2 Block III with no warhead, blew up immediately upon firing causing flaming debris and a fire on the port aft section of the destroyer. No injuries were reported but the damage to the ship may alter its scheduled deployment. This aged missile has the same kind of solid rocket fuel that exploded on the *USS Enterprise* (CVN-65) in 1969 killing 27 sailors. Lt John McCain, later US Senator, was in the cockpit of his fighter when the incident occurred. He was surrounded by fire and could not escape his jet. He survived only to be shot down over North Viet Nam.

Director James Cameron, the man who filmed the *Titanic* and explored the depths of oceans, had his *Deepsea Challenger* scorched when the truck on which it sat caught fire. The submersible that dove to the greatest depths ever in the Mariannas Trench was being transferred from Wood's Hole to Baltimore when the flatbed truck caught fire on I95 in Connecticut. The badly scorched submersible is now being evaluated for damage. Cameron had donated *Deepsea Challenger* to Wood's Hole on the first anniversary of his monumental dive in Micronesia. It remains the most sophisticated one of a kind submersible in the world and it was to be loaned to a group of marine biologists in Australia for their research. On his record dive Cameron identified over 70 new species of fish.

History

Those who sail or row on mademade federally designed lakes might be interested in the newest biography of Calvin Coolidge, *Coolidge*, by Amity Shales. Silent Cal, a true New England son, was convinced that the deficit spending of WWI was killing American economy and the only way to protect our commerce was to slash federal spending, develop a balanced budget and pay off the debt. His belief that lower taxes increased spending proved correct and he had surplus national income annually. His biggest problem was Congress that saw surplus money and wanted to spend it immediately.

He vehemently fought with his associate and Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover (a native of Iowa) who wanted to build several dams across the country to provide water to increasingly larger cities, generate electricity and limit flooding. The two battled quietly behind closed doors. Coolidge thought that these endeavors were not the federal government's responsibility, were spending issues that the US could and should not handle, and flood control was a state concern.

As he feared, he was indeed succeeded by Hoover who immediately went into deficit spending to build dams. Coolidge clearly saw this as a precursor to a huge economic recession and he openly forecast a Depression.

By the way, Ronald Reagan's foreign and domestic policy was a carbon copy of Coolidge's. If anyone deserves the title of the founder of modern conservative politics, it is Calvin Coolidge and not Reagan. Nevertheless, Hoover's multiple dams created many of the waters in which we sail and canoe today. Whether his plans were good or bad is up to you. However, many of us enjoy the benefits of Hoover's ideas. Interesting, huh. The book is brilliant.

Small Boat News

In the "You Gotta Be Kidding Me" category, a small boat motoring near Dana Point, California, found itself surrounded by playful dolphins. What should have been a fun moment unfortunately became the opposite. One young 350lb dolphin leaped into the boat, breaking both legs of a young woman passenger. Worse, the panicked mammal could not be tossed back into the water. The owner and husband of the woman quickly called authorities who met the boat, took the woman and successfully got the slightly bloody but otherwise healthy dolphin back into the water. Now that's a fish story.

In Lake Texoma on the Texas Oklahoma border a vortex appeared that was large enough to swallow a small boat. This natural event was caused by drainage of the lake after large storms and significant rain. The usual vortex occurs when tides and currents are in restricted areas and moving in opposite directions.

A rescue plane saw five very lucky men who had been adrift in the Pacific for two weeks in a 14' boat with no engine. The fishermen were from Kiribati and evidently were taken out to sea by currents. They had no rescue packs, radios or water. Over 180 miles from land, a Coast Guard Hercules HC-130 incredibly spotted the skiff. Since the distance from Barber's Point, Hawaii, was too great for helicopters, the plane dropped food, water and a radio to the men and directed a cargo ship to the location for rescue. From the Coast Guard photos the boat is hardly discernible from the air. Thank God for the Coasties' good eyes.

The Newport News Small Boat Harbor was covered with a thick black material that brought out the area police, HazMat teams and others to contain the oily substance. Exactly what it was and who the polluter was is unknown, however, a professional clean-up company was hired to clean up the mess. It was estimated that 40 gallons of oil was spilled.

Michael Capponi, a Miami Beach nightclub owner and entrepreneur, slammed his small boat into the sea wall at the Miami Beach Coast Guard station injuring himself and a woman passenger. The accident occurred at 10:30am and evidently was not due to alcohol or partying. Capponi is considered the "Godfather of Night Life" in the Miami area.

A Newport, Oregon, man drowned when a small boat capsized during an offshore trip over the 4th of July weekend. Four men were found floating in the water and all of them were wearing lifejackets but one of the men was unresponsive when picked up by the Coast Guard.

Two 14 year olds went missing off the Florida Atlantic coast. The Coast Guard found their 19' boat capsized several miles off Jupiter, Florida, and they said the boys had purchased 110 gallons of fuel before going fishing. Neighbor, Hall of Fame Quarterback Joe Namath, offered a $100,000 reward for their rescue.

Erie Canal Harbor development named a Tennessee firm to construct a large marina near Buffalo, New York. The 1,000 boat marina will have a large parking lot, an RV park, administration buildings and restaurants all at a cost of $10 million. This area was named a state park in 2013 by Governor Cuomo.

Oregon State University's Small Boat Safety Program is seeking small powerboat owners, sailors, canoers and kayakers for research. In the announcement the University did not mention exactly they were doing except to say it was regarding safety issues.

NOAA purchased a 41' aluminum boat for research on personal safety concerns dealing with fishing such as skin punctures, cold-water survival and blunt trauma. The organization will also research vessel concerns, capsizing, fire and collisions. The environment is also open for research, especially dealing with emissions, wildlife protection, spills and accidents.

The slick sailing magazine for the upper 1%, *Sail*, had a small article on small craft, something of a shock for mere mortals who can't afford multimillion dollar yachts. Beneteau, noted for depressingly costly boats, has a new First 22 which is a trailer friendly and sails in 2.5' of water. Like its big ugly sister, the First 22 is slab sided, vertical stern and bow and plain.

International Marine, the builder of the incredible West Wight Potters (15' and 19') has beefed up the 19' with the Voyager. This boat is stronger and has more perks than her sisters. One wonders what the builders have in mind since the cost ($29,500) is about the same as the Potter 19.

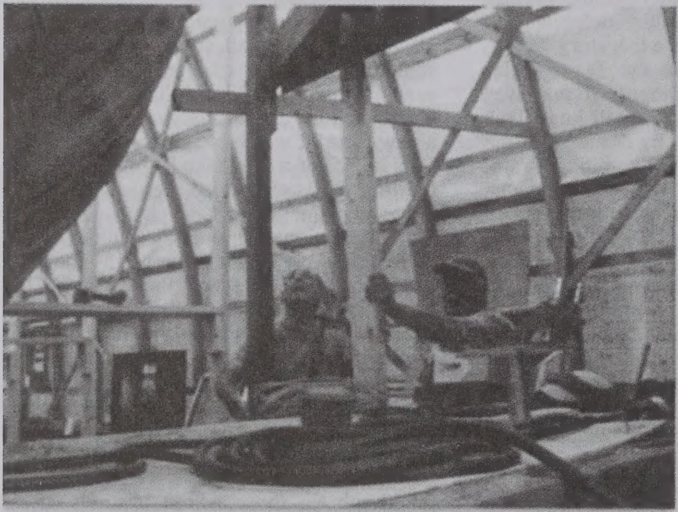
The weirdest of the boats is the Wind Rider Rave V sporting hydrofoil amas and an A-frame set of sails looking like a boat from Star Wars. At 18', the Rave V can hit speeds of 30mph for those whose leisurely afternoons are spent running as fast as they can. It is a strange looking beast.

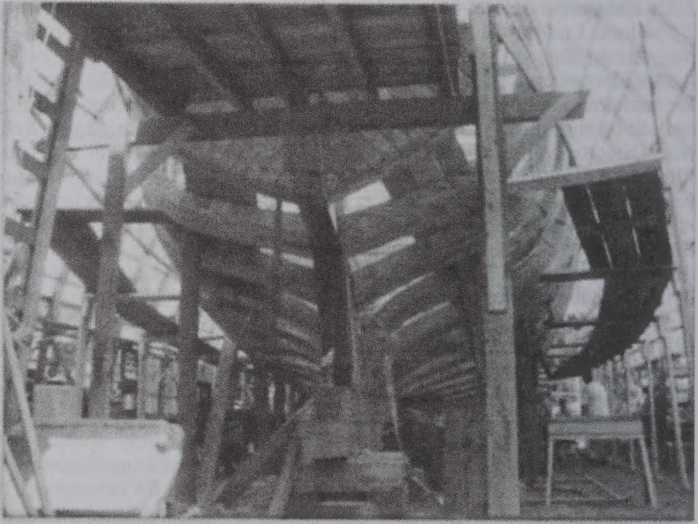
For racers, *Sail* recommends the Pulse 600, a 19'x8' trimaran which reduces to a beam of a little over 6' feet for travel. On the dinghy side, the magazine suggests the Walker Bay Breeze, an injection molded plastic boat with an inflatable collar that comes in 8' or 10' feet in length and a lovely price of around $1,800 to $2,400. The rest all sit at $29,500 or so.

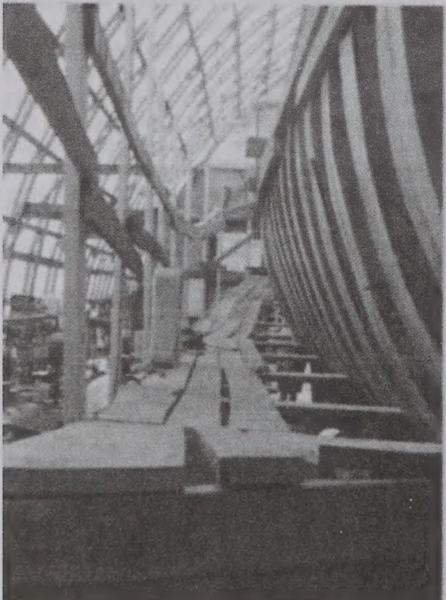
Maine's First Ship Summer Report

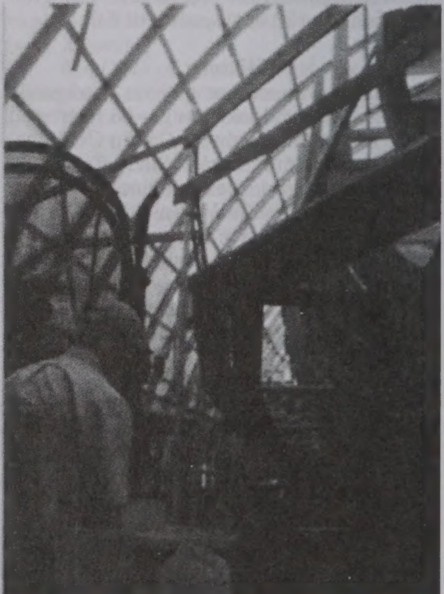
Building Staging To Fair And Hang The Sheer Strake

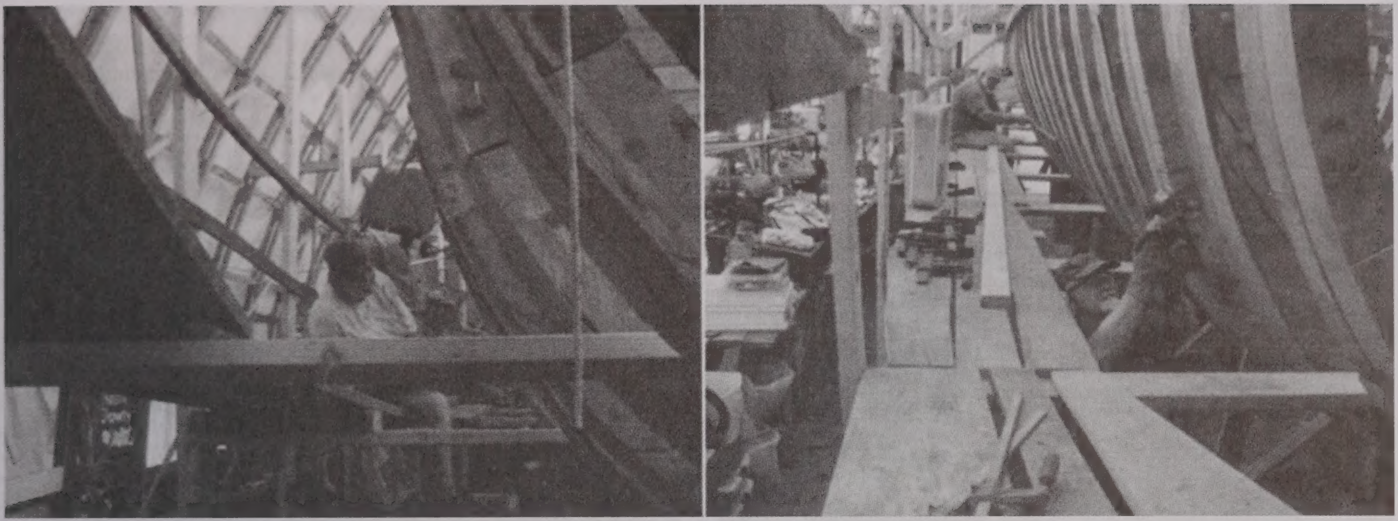
Staging to support fairing gets underway with all hands cutting and joining pine for days on end. Working with the staging structure and the bilge clamp planks, staging grows along port and starboard sides and swoops up the transom as the staging climbs the curves of the clamp up the aft frames. Volunteers: Roger Barry, Dick Forrest, Gail Smith, Paul Cunningham, RB Omo and Dan Wood.









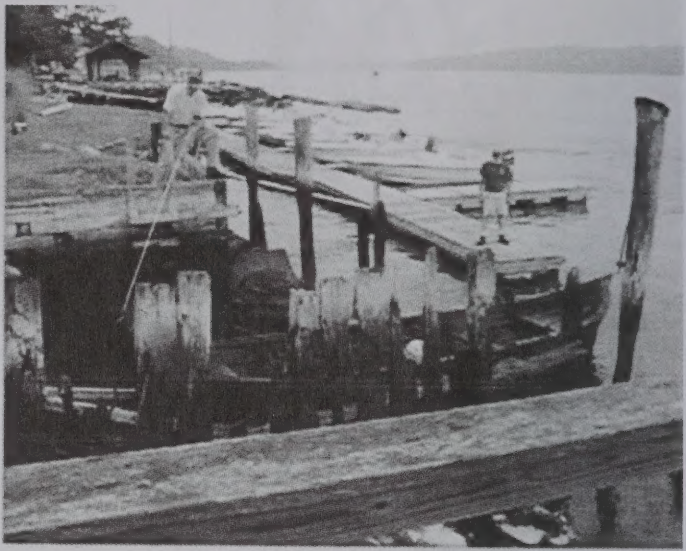


All fairing work now moves to the outer hull. Work continues from sheer to garboard to complete the preparation for planking. Above left, Gail, Jeremy, Tony and Chuck line up on the staging to apply planes and batten across multiple frames while Dick applies shims and clamps (left)

Working high on the hull, with all four planers running at once the harmonics build until the entire hull buzzes like a swarm of bees. Working under the staging, hardhats are recommended as modeled by Dan Wood.

Jane Stevens Launches 2015 Sailing Season

On a murky morning in Maine, *Jane Stevens* takes to the Kennebec for her 2015 sailing season. After an uneventful launch, she spent a few days at the dock to have mast and leeboards fitted before being moved to her mooring off the Freight Shed. Now she was ready for 2015 Star of Safety training for more details on learning how to sail a shallop. Thank you to Jay Coffey for getting *Jane* fit for the water and setting up the mooring again this year. Thank you to Edward Blaiklock for donating a fine rubber dinghy to tender *Jane Stevens*.

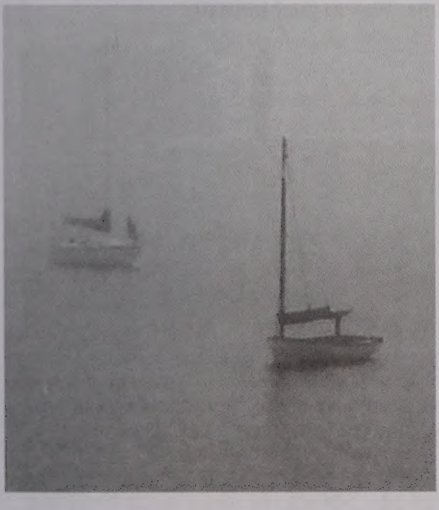


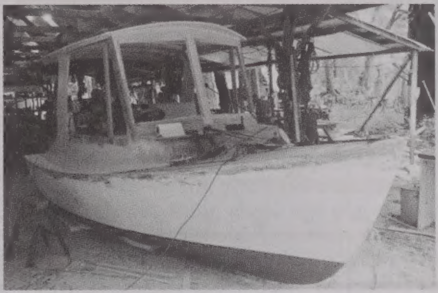
From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

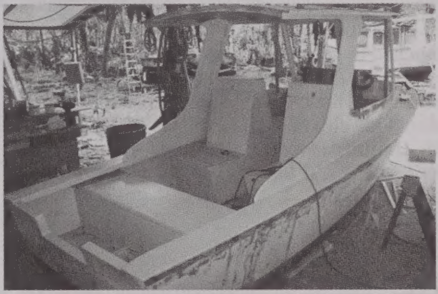
Whalen sent us this YouTube video showing the *Spirit* from Crystal River underway. She is replica of a Civil War blockade runner/shallow water enforcer and inshore gunboat. This big tub moves right along. Steve told me that they had it up to 8 knots once on a trip up to Cedar Key. This will give you a whole new perspective on these big square barge looking boats. Kind of like a giant Puddle Duck racer. I thought they should've named it something cool like "Montezuma's Revenge" or something bad like that but they had to go with the girlie name. https://youtu.be/b5TY-bkl7xg

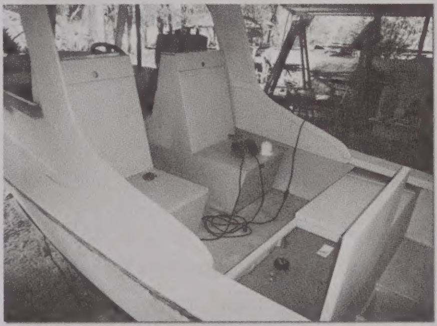
Kathie and Lance and Fland and Brenda left hot, miserable Florida and went to Maine to get away. The weather was perfect except for one day of fog which was perfect also because they got to see New England fog. Pox on both of you. This has been the worse summer in history here in good Florida. It has rained every day for the last month or two and the humidity is above 90% during the day and 100% at night. When winter comes and I give you guys shit about being snowed in you can remind me of this summer.





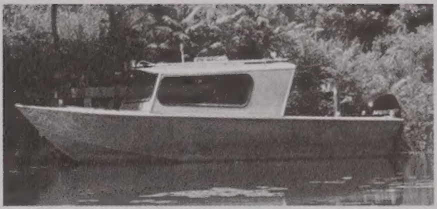
My fast commuter is not coming along worth a damn. After the first couple of weeks the hull was done and the deck started. I was ripping right along. The cabin went on pretty fast but then I had to start painting, a screeching halt occurred. Water based paint WILL NOT DRY when it is 100% humidity, no way, no how. And epoxy does strange things also. You should see me out there with a hot air gun trying to get something to dry so I can get on with it. I can thank Pat Johnson for the inspiration for his boat, he's a man who knows what he wants also.



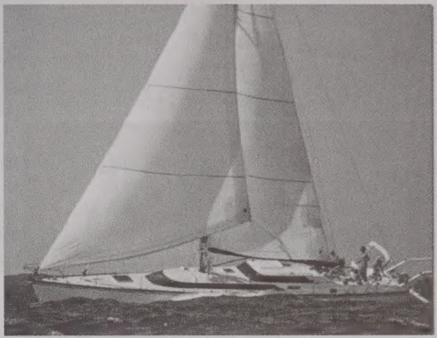


When you build your own boat you can have exactly what you want. This is going to be the perfect 18' motorboat for normal use, as opposed to ski boats and such. I expect a smooth 30mph for hours on end. If I want to go to Cedar Key by boat, I can.

It'll have seats as comfortable as your recliner at home, wing vent windows like the old cars for cool air, big sliding side windows, good windshield wipers. I hope to show you a complete boat in another month or so. I am having trouble getting a new 60hp four stroke outboard. It seems that this size is in short supply with a long waiting list. Yes, I do have a bunch of cup holders planned.



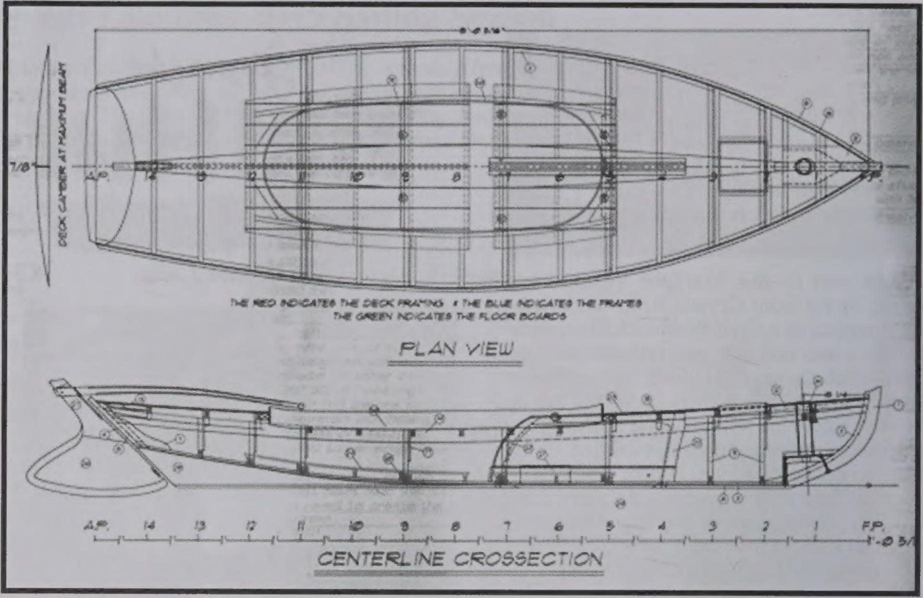
Crazy Steve sent this to me from Canada. Looks like mine with a lower roof.



All of you old timers know that there are a whole lot of you "Boatnuts" on this list. Some of you are traditional small boat guys but some of you are big time ocean guys and one of you owns one of these. This is the boat of wet dreams for all would be go fast kids 40 years ago. This is the MacGregor 65. It was designed for the TransPac, a race from California to Hawaii and could sail the whole trip on a plane. I once had the sales video for the boat. My friend Paul actually owns one of these beauties, the only redeeming factor is that it's in Florida which is really too shallow to run one so I'm not that jealous. We saw one in the Bahamas once and I made Helen wait for an hour so I could look at it.

Sandy loaded up his new van with his canoe and high tailed it up to the Adirondacks for the summer. I really should ban these wooses from coming back but I like them too much. It would be hard to collect a group as diverse and interesting as these guys.

Here are some shots of the best small sailboat there is, Roger Allen's 15' melonseed. He has the plans if you want to make one.


DECK CAMBER AT MAXIMUM BEAM
THE RED INDICATES THE DECK FRAMING + THE BLUE INDICATES THE FRAMES
THE GREEN INDICATES THE FLOOR BOARDS
PLAN VIEW
A.P.
14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
F.P.
CENTERLINE CROSSECTION

FGCTSCA

Suds: This is the logo that Irwin Schuster made for us way back when fun people ran things. I don't know if the new command will keep it or not. Irwin even had pendants of this made.

New Board for the Florida Gulf Coast Traditional Small Craft Association: President Michael Jones, Vice President Bob Pitt, Secretary/Treasurer, Rex and Kathie Payne. New President Michael Jones has this to say:

"As the new President of the FGCTSCA I want to thank the previous board members and to introduce the new board. VP Rick Viera and Secretary Cindy Pitt will be stepping off the board after several years of service. Bob Pitt will become the Vice President. The boat building team of Rex and Kathie Payne are taking on the duties of Secretary/Treasurer.

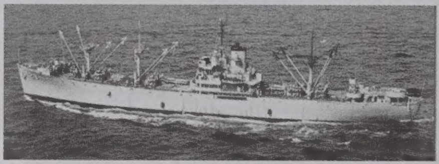
Look for announcements of upcoming sailing dates for the TSCA and other events of our friends and partners. It's not too early to put the Tenth Annual Florida Great Gulf Coast Small Festival on your schedule. Our partner and host for the event will again be The Sarasota Sailing Squadron. So put April 15-17, 2016 on your sailing calendar."

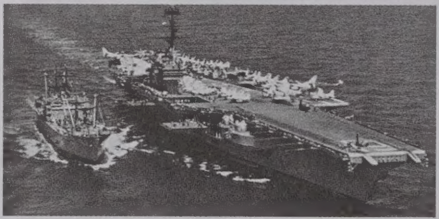
Michael shares my idea of what a good boat is, he sent me a couple of examples of how lots of us feel.

Pete Culler's words of wisdom from the preface of *Skiffs and Schooners*: "Realizing that boats, like whiskey, are all good, I make no attempt nor have any intention of making adamant statements of how things should be done or of preaching dogma until it sounds like the truth. If I have produced anything, however small, of further use to the World of Boats, it will make my efforts worthwhile. All whiskey has its place."

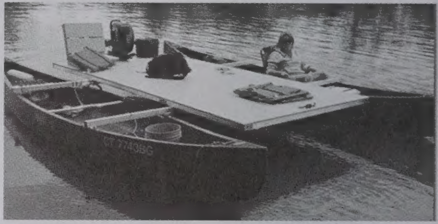
To paraphrase Clark Mills when asked in an interview about his favorite boat, "I have always been partial to those that float."

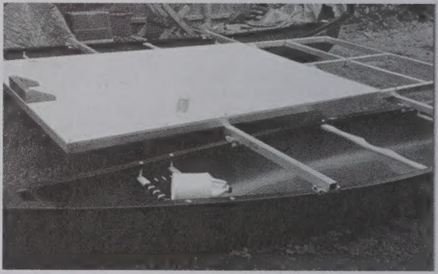
Some of you, Whalen and Washington Dan especially, claim to have been real sailors in "this man's Navy" back in the good ole days. And I'm sure there are a lot of others out there, also. Here's a challenge for you all, I bet I served on the oldest ship of any of you. Before I managed to get sucked into volunteering to live my days under the ocean on submarines I had the dubious honor of spending most of 1968 on this old jewel. The *USS Graffias* (AF 29) which was commissioned in 1944, yes, I said 1944, that's still WWII for you kids.



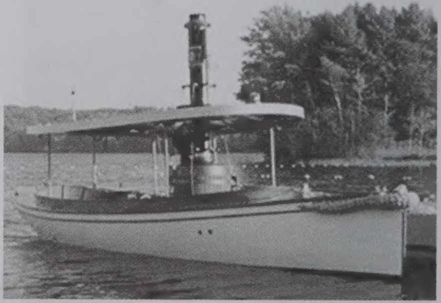


Like all true antiques it was still all original from the reciprocating steam engine to the pipe bunks stacked four high that had to be "triced" up every day. It was a giant, filthy rust bucket but still had huge freezer holds so we made runs from Alameda, California, halfway to Hawaii to reprovision ships coming back from the war zone and then swing back into San Diego, load up and do it again. I was an electronics technician on this beauty, if you can call radios with all tubes that. I think they were the same ones that came with it in 1944. We actually repaired the things when they broke, this was way before anyone had even heard of transistors. Those were the things that came before integrated circuits and whatever they use today.

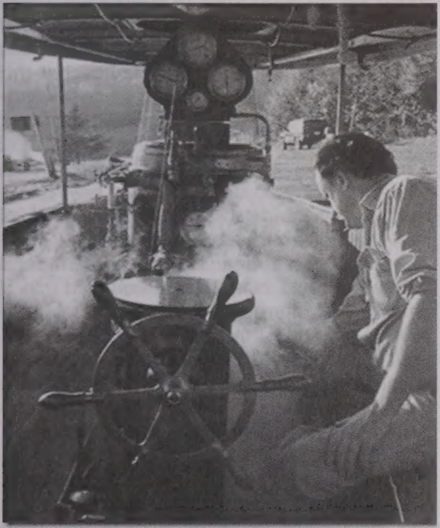




Crazy Steve's brother Marshall wanted a fun, light, easy pontoon boat that he could carry in his truck and came up with this. It's brilliant, two canoes with aluminum cross arms and custom clamps. He was inspired with this idea after a trip to our shop and Tiki Hut showed him that anything is possible if you let you imagination run free and don't listen when "they" say it can't be done. Way to go, Marshall.



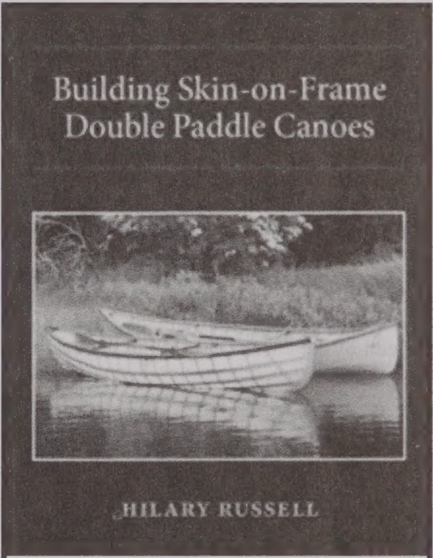
John Eastman built this fine looking steam powered fantail launch. He sort of said that it was fun building the engine and sort of said that it wasn't dangerous but never did actually say that it wouldn't burn the hell out of you and couldn't guarantee that it wouldn't blow up. Sounds like just the kind of thing we all like. Nothing like never knowing if your engine is going to blow up and kill you when you start it up. Do you need a condenser if you're in fresh water or can you use that water directly? Steam engines are another thing we all have talked about making but few of us will ever do. It takes a whole new set of skills we don't have. He sent these to me when I was bitching about the terrible 100% humidity we're having. He says "humidity, I'll show you humidity."



My new high speed commuter is going to be named *Lurlyne* after my mother. She was born in 1920 in Pine Mountain, Georgia, and was one of five sisters. Imagine all of these girls in a tiny house way back in the hills with no plumbing of any kind. No bathrooms, not even a well, they had to carry water up from the spring. Here she is about 1940, you can see that my funny looks didn't come from her side of the family. She lived to the age of 87 and still looked like this to the end, she never got fat. Those are some genes I wish I had inherited fro`m her.

I shouldn't even include this one, you guys don't even deserve to be there. Steve B sent these shots of the Small Reach regatta in Maine. I should be there and all the rest of us stuck in Florida should be there, not you guys who already live up there. You probably don't even know what sweat is. Everything about this place looks great, the location, the cool deep water, even the trees, palm trees get old. Trouble is, it's a really long way from here to there. How about this, all of us go there next July and all of you come here for something next February.

The excitement in Florida in the summer is a boat show in Apalachicola, this is Kristin's boat, or even better, sitting under the big fan in the Tiki Hut with a bottle of Patron like Scotty's doing. Scotty is the world's best motorboat rigger, if it goes on a boat he can do it, but not for you. He's strictly big time factory boats, even if Patron is involved.



A valuable book for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. Plus the chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

"inspiring…very clear and concise… elegant simplicity…
Iain Oughtred

"…a logical progression…a good bibliography… and a list of sources".
Nim Marsh, Editor, *Points East*

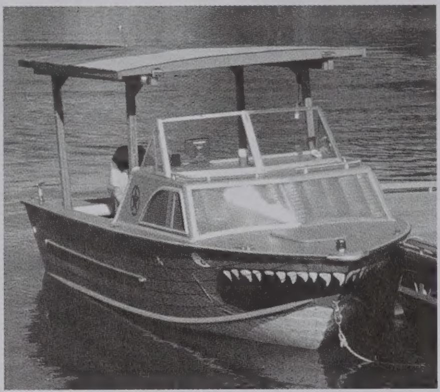
"…graceful and beautiful craft."
Matt Murphy, Editor, *WoodenBoat* Magazine

"Hilary Russell…has demonstrated…how to build a vessel that combines beauty and practicality to a degree rarely achieved." **George Dyson, Author of *Baidarka***

To order Visit
www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org
plus plans, parts, classes and more

Hildegard the Hi Top

By Johnny Mack



Hildegard at the boat ramp in Shelburne Bay, Vermont.

After a long string of issues, I finally got everything running and in the water. I find I am a much better human being as a result.

My truck has only one job in its life, to pull a boat trailer 32 times a year. She is going to be 18 this year and has 174K on her. Oddly enough she is in excellent shape and doesn't have a lick of rust on her, which is very uncommon for my neck of the woods. She has the 3.0 liter motor which runs very good but doesn't have much back for pulling a load up the hills. I think *Hildegard* is at the maximum weight or size I would tow with her.

That being said I was worried about the Hi Top acting like a sail and blowing off when I took her down I89. At first I was a little timid and was getting some evil looks from those passing me. So I said to heck with it and put the pedal down and burned up the miles at my regular highway cruising speed, 45 miles per hour. The top, to my relief, seemed to hold up fine.

I got a hair under 13 mpg towing her as I turned off the overdrive for the entire trip. I get 17 when I tow the runabout. I actually would prefer a van such as Dan has for a towing vehicle, as I would rig the inside with a cot for the times a nap would be in order. But I have found the four wheel drive has been necessary for my situation. Not at the boat ramps so much, but at my house where I have to back my boats up a slight uphill mound to their rightful spot on the grass. Rear wheel drive vehicles are not at their best when they have to slowly back up a hill, pushing a load, on wet grass.

The 10hp motor is much improved after an overnight visit to Bob's Boat repair. I got a new used prop (actually made out of metal instead of the cheap plastic like the original) and repairs to a few issues I caused, for a very reasonable fee. Oh, and vandals! It even seems somebody sneaked into my driveway, probably when I was at work, and, for reasons I don't know, changed the spark plugs on that motor with the wrong ones. I don't know what they were trying to prove with that. Note to self, check the plugs on my other motor, ugh, no, couldn't be.

I took her to Shelburne Bay for a shakedown cruise to the Burlington Boat House. I got high 7s out of her with an occasional hit on 8. She ran nice and smooth but was still a bit loud on the high end but was much better overall. I would like to try trimming her up to the last notch on the mounting bracket bar. It is very easy to do, but impossible to reach when underway. I would also like to try prop with a bigger bite. I'm thinking that will milk another mph out of her but too risky to buy new for. I'll keep my eye on the used market for the fun of it.

I very much appreciated the smooth ride that the big hull gives me. The boat is exceedingly comfortable as the top keeps the cabin in the shade and the windshield blocks all the wind. I really enjoy my '57 runabout, which is just a real joy, but it is a bit cramped and I tell you, the older I get...

I thought she was a bit stern heavy but I think it is minutia. When she is loaded with gear I think she will be perfect. I do feel a little ballast will also help her stability as she is a bit corkish when empty. The factory setup included built in fuel tanks and battery boxes below the deck that added ballast I no longer have.

I found her easy to launch and recover but I would not want to do it without a dock. The trailer has rollers instead of bunks and requires awareness of that fact. I backed her into the water before I got out to release the winch strap. It was a good thing as the minute I turned around to head to the truck she happily slid off into the drink, perfect. That is a good thing to know right there!

As for the shark's teeth on the bow, a group of adolescent boys thought it rocked, as did some young preschool ladies, but the most excited look I got was from an old guy driving a tow truck who saw me when I was driving through town. I think the kids liked it but I am not sure if the tow truck guy was admiring it or was just calculating how much money he would make from what looked likely to be a highly probably fare.

As for Shelburne Bay, the boat launch is in very good condition although it can a bit shallow entering the lake with a bigger boat. It is handy for a trip to the Burlington Boat House but I don't recommend the ramp for amateurs on a nice weekend day. There is only one lane and it can get crowded and a little pushy during prime time. Not a good situation for newbie or anyone trying an unknown. Weekdays there is less pressure so it is the only time I consider it.

As for the beverage issue, I just took her out for an afternoon so a regular old fashioned cooler did the job. Back to the cold beverage lab!

My truck.

The Shelburne Bay boat ramp.

Footprints in the Sand

By Dan Rogers

It's been something like 51 years since I first did this. Stuff hurts more and I suppose I walk a little slower now. But in some ways it could have been only 51 MINUTES ago. Did what? I'll get to that in a bit. First, just a small amount of explanation.

There are the doubters and dissenters who maintain that "if you remember the '60s, then you obviously weren't there." For some that dichotomous offering may bring some sort of clarity. But it's pretty much hogwash, if you ask me. That summer of 1964 was such a tipping point. In many ways, living in that brief moment was very much like leaving footprints in the sand. More like a roller coaster ride.

When the roller coaster reaches absolute apogee, everything slows. You think you see what's coming next. Your mind tells you that somehow you've reached the top. Somehow. Things will just stay this way. I think it's possible to cling to that vision for a lifetime. Even after the inevitable plunge.

So join me at the absolute tip top of the roller coaster. The sun is warm. The view goes on and on to the horizon and well beyond. There's somebody sitting beside you. Probably somebody you haven't seen or thought about for decades. You are in absolute control of your known world. The things you do make implicit sense. You're good. And you know it!

That's pretty much what I was thinking, as my latest "little girl" and I blasted on past the same exact geographic spot that I first took the helm and the responsibility for life, limb, property and seamanship aboard somebody else's "speedboat." And what better way to take this particular run down memory lane than in an almost perfectly preserved example of what could have been on the water beside me? Then and there. To my way of thinking, this whole thing has been pretty remarkable.

The boat herself has been part of a single family for her entire life. Meticulously cared for with one significant exception. The poor girl has never been given a name. Something that I'll soon rectify. And, for reasons not immediately clear to me, she's been stored away under tarps and an equipment shed roof for the past quarter century. But with its almost new canvas covers, clean oil and gel coat that rubbed out as if new, I was easily persuaded to abandon my original intent. I figured, what with the squarish shape and all, this would be an outstanding candidate for another shanty boat. And it would. But probably not now. Now that she's helped me trace some important personal footprints.

Most of the boat people I know, and read about, don't have a lot good to say about this general class of boat. Most of 'em talk rhapsodically about quiet paddles in pristine estuaries, the tactile pleasures of well crafted oak and teak and the joy of a spanking breeze set to music by a thrumming jib sheet. And I completely agree. And yet, there's a visceral attraction to simply "raising hell" in a small runabout. To being completely irresponsible perhaps. We don't get to do that sort of thing very much anymore.

I'll bet more than a few of us can trace a summer romance and other significant turning points back to a similar little boat. Maybe wood. Maybe fiberglass. Maybe an inboard, probably something with a screaming Merc or purring Evinrude on the transom. Not real big nor terribly fast. But for most of us on the cusp of adulthood that magical, stop motion summer after Kennedy went to Dallas, these were the boats we knew. And yes, the boats we loved.

There's a quarter ton or more of Detroit iron under that mustard colored deck. Just basic stuff. Points, condenser, carburetor. Just touch the key and that inline six jumps to life. No sensors. No plastic. Just an engine that anybody can understand. A piece of machinery a guy could teach his grandkids about.

I'll bet there's a boat like this one someplace in your own special memories. One that taught you to water ski. One that took you to that bonfire on the beach. One that maybe got you that first kiss. One that put you on the top of the world and buried toes in the sand all at the same time. Time?

Yep. A time machine.

Experience a utility Grand Skiff 16

Simplicity for a Complex World

- Fine Handcrafted Quality in Aluminum
- Custom Powder Coated Colors - Eco safe
- New and Demos Available

Grand Skiff 16

Beam 6'-3"
1,600 lb. weight capacity

Hamilton Boat

617-584-8641
innovationmatters@comcast.net

naden

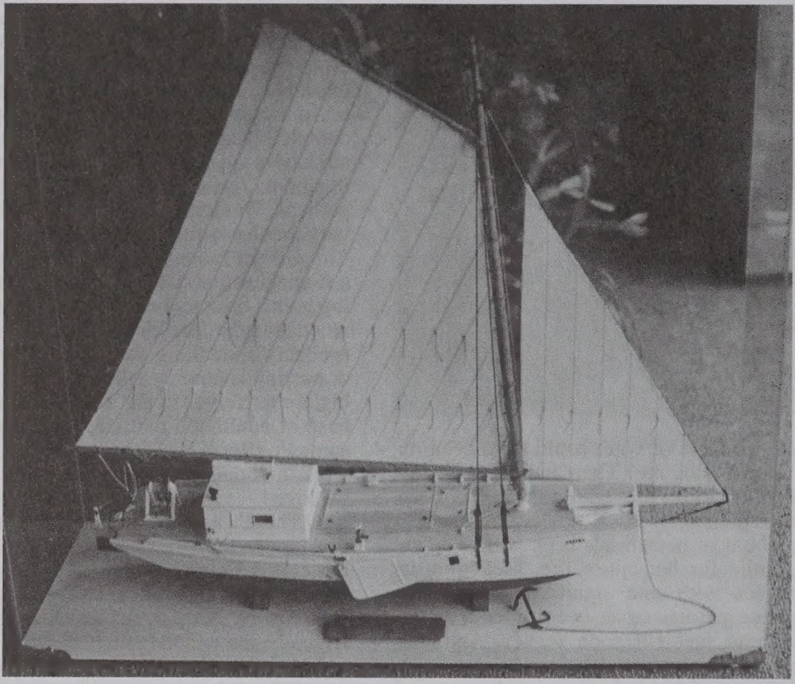
It's about time

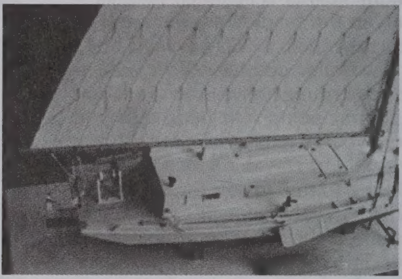
Join Us

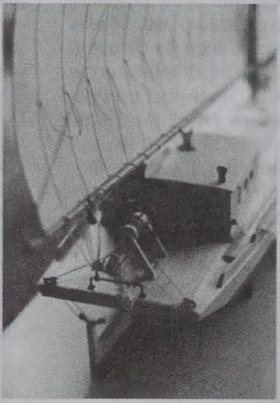
Kayaksailor.com

Kuvia llc PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262

MARITIME MODELS BY IRWIN SCHUSTER

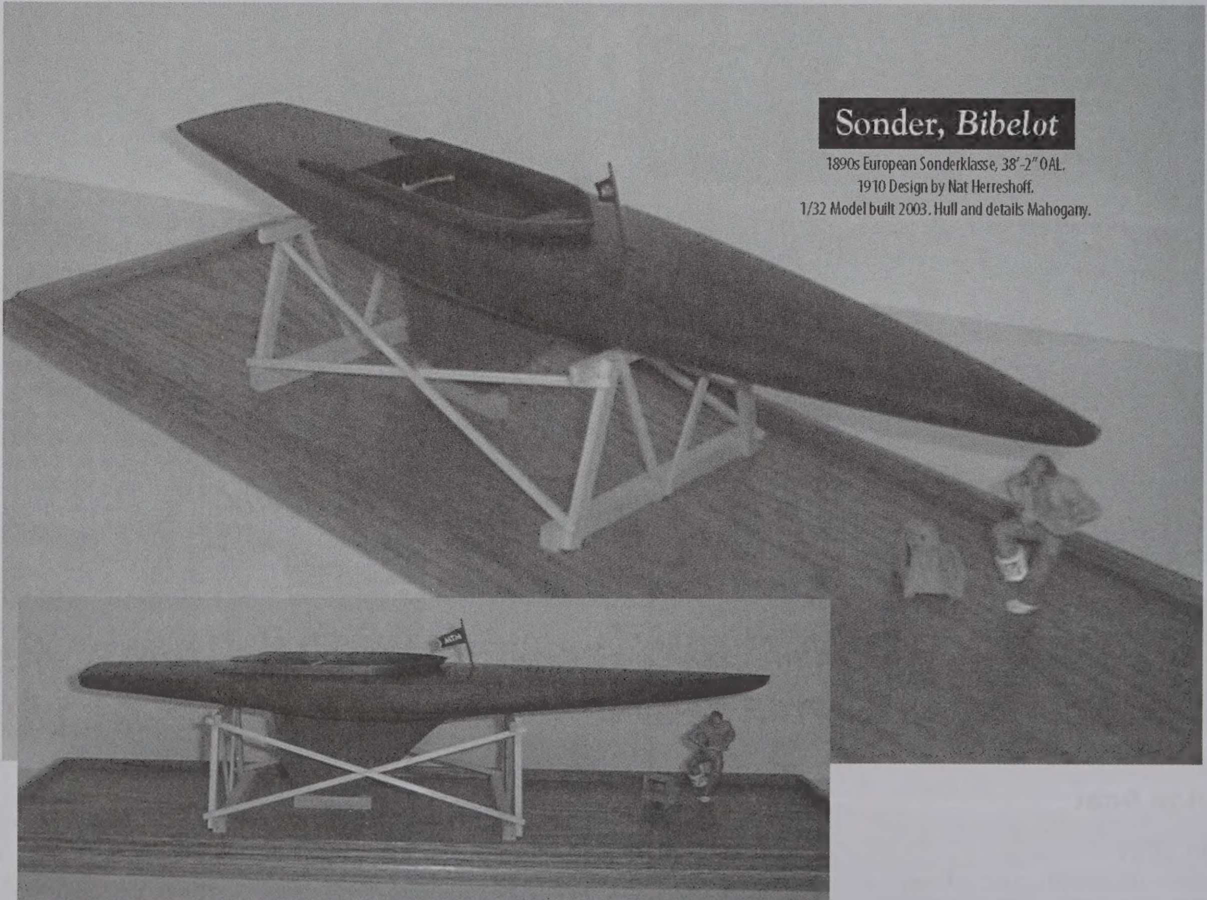






Bay of Fundy Scow Sloop

Typical "water truck" of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia in late 1800s.
39'-9" OAL.
From Howard I. Chapelle.
Model built 1995. 5/8" = 1'.
Hull and details Basswood.



Sonder, *Bibelot*

1890s European Sonderklasse, 38'-2" OAL.
1910 Design by Nat Herreshoff.
1/32 Model built 2003. Hull and details Mahogany.

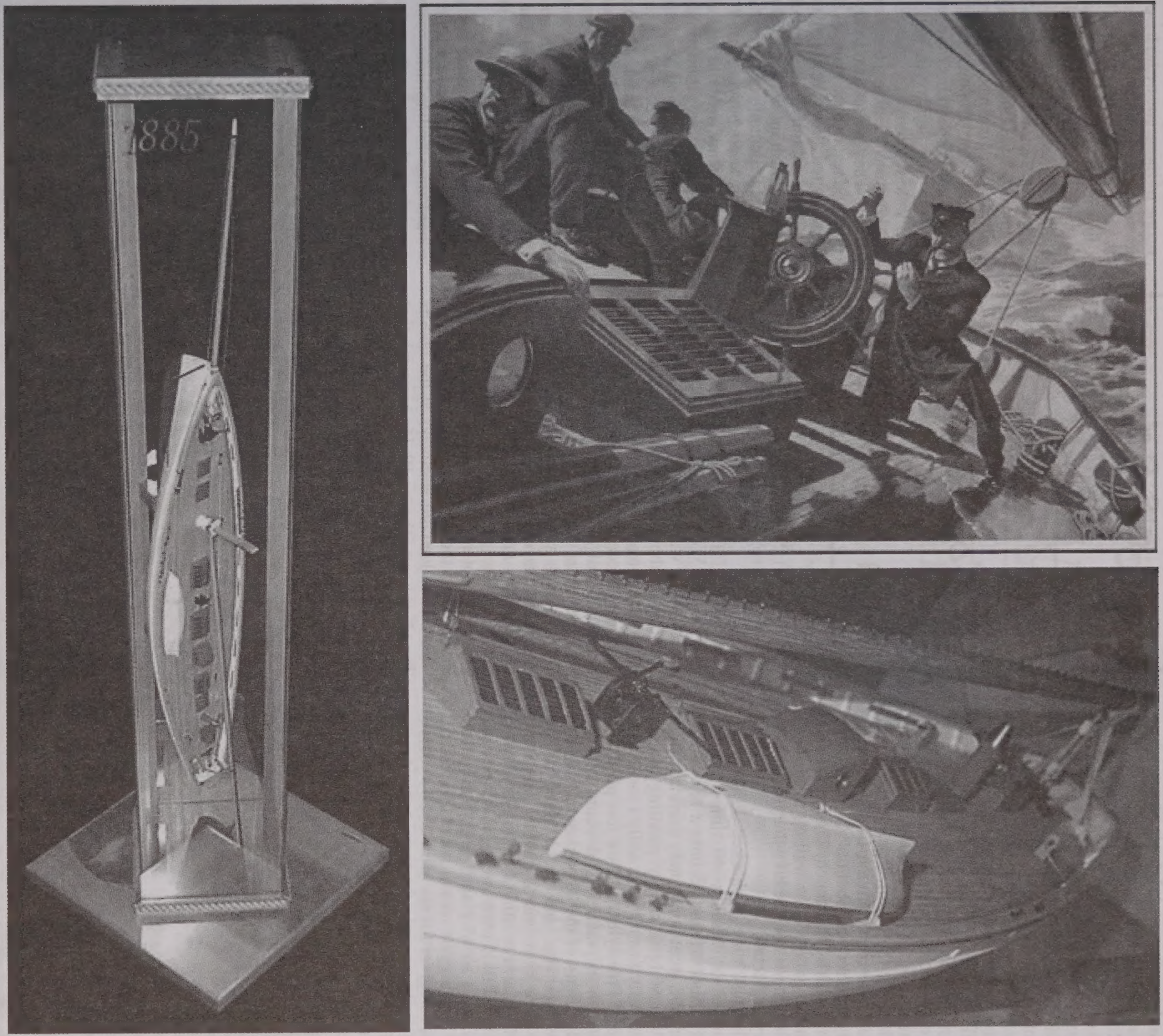
It has been announced that the NRG Conference dinner speaker will be **Russ Kramer**, President of the American Society of Marine Artists. Mr. Kramer was in St. Pete in 2007 and attended the week-long nautical program at The Studio@620, called "The Water is Wide*." While there, he asked if I, your humble Sec/Ed, would mind if he photographed my upstanding model of the 1885 America's Cup defender and winner, *Puritan*. I consented and he later produced this painting, "Onboard Puritan, 1885," quite true to my model, with a tiny bit of artistic license, in a dramatically foreshortened view.

The model is the result of my intense research with primary sources, archives, from Boston to Newport, and I am pretty confident that it truly represents the vessel as launched, in particular on the deck structure layout and machinery (winches and boom buffer) with particular thanks to Erik Ronnberg, who opened his files and suggested appropriate hardware from contemporaneous catalogs. Those catalogs crowed about the use of their machines on America's Cup contenders. So, my crowing has a basis in history. *Puritan* model kits current and past, are/were way, way off!

Having seen this painting, I am embarrassed by my rendition of varnished mahogany.

*Scottish folk song of 1600s

Giclee prints and originals of Russ Kramer's striking marine art are available from his easily found website.



Russ Kramer's and Irwin Schuster's interpretataions of *Puritan*, 1885 America's Cup winner.

In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

OPBs

The summer is flying by and my shop is again being ignored. I don't like to waste a minute of the summer indoors. I am like Dan Rogers and live in "Almost Canada." Our short summers are precious and can't be wasted.

OK, so what have I been doing, you ask. Early on I got the Michalic "Pickup Squared" out for a few test runs prior to the Lake Pepin Messabout. I learned a bit about how to set the sail to get the balance right. I ended up moving the sail forward on the mast and achieved a good balance, but that also lowered the sail and it was hard for this old man to duck under the boom. I purchased a new halyard made of nonstretch line. The original halyard stretched about 6". The new line raised the sail by that much. That boat is sitting on the garage floor waiting to go back out. It is right next to the bike that is also feeling very neglected.

The last time I checked I had been canoeing a lot, actually 40 times by mid August. Canoeing has become a big part of my workout, great upper body exercise. Most of my canoeing is simply paddling around the lake fairly fast. Occasionally I meet with a group of Freestylers and we just play with our solo canoes practicing our control skills.

My circuit of the lake takes me past the sailboat moorings and dock. Many of the people there know me as another sailor and with a little arm twisting I end up as crew or ballast in OPBs. I own three solo canoes and two sailboats so why am I riding around in OPBs? The biggest reason is the time factor. Being a caregiver for my bride of 50+ years I simply can't get away for long. A few hours at the lake is all I can be away at one time. The setup and teardown of my sailboats fill up the time frame that I have allowed for each outing. With a canoe I can leave home and be in the water at Lake Nokomis in Minneapolis in about 20 minutes. The sailboats take much longer.

I have learned since I went back to sailing a couple of years ago that sailing required a much larger block of my precious time. On my loops around the lake over the past few years I have gotten to know many of the sailors. They know me as another sailor and very often I get an invite to ride along. I don't always accept as I did, after all, come out for a workout in the canoe.

One sailor who is always at the lake is Tim. Tim has a Rhodes 19. He has a job that ends his workday early enough so he is at the lake by 3pm daily, and I mean daily. His days off are always Monday and Tuesday. On those days he spends all day at the lake. Tim is one of those guys who loves to sail and he loves to teach others how to rig and sail. He is a one man sailing school at Lake Nokomis. I first met Tim last year on the dock. He had just purchased his Rhodes and he was getting it rigged. His boat was built in the late '60s and needed a lot of TLC. The TLC is coming along slowly. He started out with a brand new sail. The rigging has been upgraded since I first met him, important things first. Tim would rather spend his time sailing.

On one Sunday in mid August it was really too windy for canoeing. Tim was working on a Hobie 16 catamaran with its owner. They were just ready to brave the wind and test out the changes they had made. I got invited along.We ate up the lake several times in an hour. With three of us on board we were pushing the limits of that boat's flotation and a couple of times the leeward hull came close to burying itself. My age was showing as my tired old legs didn't work out well on the Hobie's trampoline. I had enough thrills for one day and was happy to get back on terra firma.

Tim wasn't done. He had promised a young owner of a Balboa 20 some sailing lessons. I got invited along on the boat also and we ate up the lake again, not quite as fast as the Hobie but with much more comfortable cockpit seating. By then I had exceeded my time frame and loaded my canoe and headed home. Real busy Sunday.

The whole summer has been like this. Between canoeing and a little biking I have a hard time finding time to mow down the acre of weeds that I call my lawn. Not much news about my shop, but I write this as I just want you all to know that I am still around and boating.

'To be honest, I'll be glad when I've had enough ...'

ROSE
SUPI-YAW-LAT
RAPTOR
ALERT
TEAL
SCOONER
WYOMING

PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Gadabout
aka “SACPAS-3”
LCP Landing Craft Personnel

Design #681: 39’1”x7’5”x12”x225hp
20th in a Series of Articles

Messing About in Boats with Marines?

Obviously, on general principles that is, messing with Marines may not be a good idea. So when I heard loud banging on my door at 02:53 one fine Sunday morning, not only could I have been in curlers and nightgown, but I might have dropped whatever balanced demeanor I can usually muster at this sight of four guys in camouflage gear, one even with face mask on, and two carrying a big black duffel bag with what looked like gun barrels sticking out here and there.

Good thing that there are no curlers in this house (not even Upper Midwesterners, ha!), nightgowns are not for discussion in *MAIB* and the only thing that was mildly surprising about the appearance of this small squad out of a pitch black night was that they were seven minutes early. Well, I had left the light on for them.

Messing about in boats with Marines is a perfectly fine scheme if we propose to launch a few beach assaults on a very early Sunday morning and offer to bring a boat that is designed with such wee hours pastimes in mind. So I finished my breakfast, saw my photographer show up on time as well and we agreed to meet the squad down at the Stone Pier where they’d get aboard via the ramp. First though, they’d make sure that the camera man and I had gotten out to SACPAS-3 by Shoebox, then the engine started, anchor retrieved and leaving the cove while we were gaining night vision the old fashioned way.

The engine started just fine, we had a very high tide to get out of our mud berth and soon we were underway. I did actually turn on our position lights as part of the well planned scheme to depart on just a normal night run. Insomniacs might be watching.

Depart we did. With the very high tide and just Mk.1 eyeball night vision in red and green no less, and living right here for years knowing the channel like the back of my hand, we came to a smudgy halt after 200 yards on a falling tide with Marines raring to go, waiting a quarter mile downstream. Outboard up, the boathook helped a bit. But knowing how the moon pushes and pulls on that salt water I relieved the boat of my 185lbs (dressed with my stuff on near 6’ so that you know!), left the skinny camera guy on the boat for backup and started pushing at near full heart rate. The mission was in trouble and I had my pants wet before the Marines had even boarded. I could just imagine what they were talking about when the lights stopped moving and the engine died.

Relieving her quickly of my weight did indeed get us off that grassy patch just with those few minutes (seconds??) for margin to not be sitting high and dry for the next ten hours, a very publicly visible spectacle and Marines never to return out of disgust over such navigation incompetence. So this had just added spice very early on to what was planned to be an already interesting enough morning. And as a matter of training and personal experience, also with self inflicted glitches, after such a snafu, however, Marines understand and respect quick action to resolve the problem. With the Squad coming aboard via her bow gate, a very appropriate start for this night’s particular endeavor, we were off, pushed in gear not much above idle and by the falling tide, using multiple eyes to discern where the channel should be heading to reach the official navigation channel running out past the Annisquam Lighthouse for Ipswich Bay and the Atlantic Ocean.

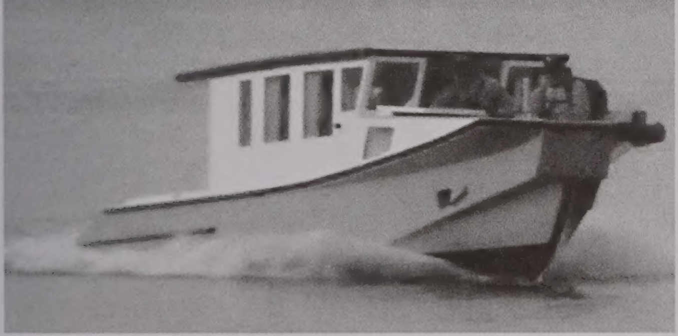
After a bit of running at planing speed along the coast, lights out, we entered our theater of operation still at well above half tide with the east barely showing a faint pale glow. Having looked at Google Earth and with my memory of exploring these waters ages ago, we entered, the current against us, aiming at the cut between two barrier beaches, still alone out on the water.

With typical tides ranging between 8.5’ and over 12.5’, there is a lot of water flowing here, even with just a modest bay and minor tributaries on the inside, enough to both scour deep the narrowest part of what is indeed a cut, but also producing fan shaped shallows outside and uncertain channels quite a ways upstream inside. None of the usual Coast Guard markers where we planned to go, just local knowledge. Being early enough to consider right there how to do next steps, we actually had to kill some time after this very early start!

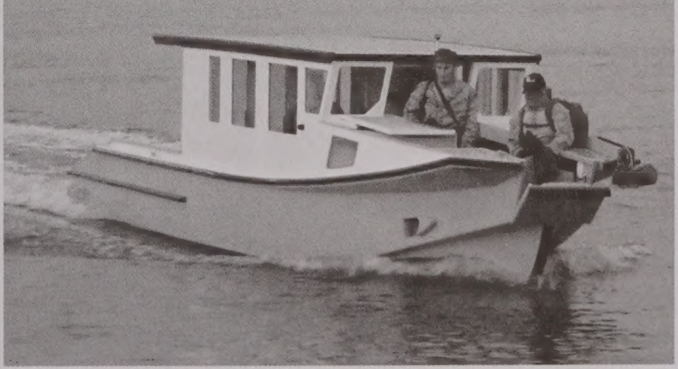
As some of these pictures indicate, you need a certain amount of light to capture the images I was so intent on having as one major part of my test schedule for this boat. After all, the initial Navy brief for the project had specified carrying and depositing on the beach up to eight Marines in addition to carrying four crew, building that bow gate had cost a fair amount of labor and nerves and I actually had eager and willing folks on hand that must have gotten up at 2am.

Scanning the beach with such limited light we found that the person sleeping turned out to be just an old log, those two tents were for real but with no people to ever show (would they be cowering inside with fright the whole time?) and no joggers, birdwatchers or anglers yet ready to call in reports to authorities about the odd proceedings unfolding on their ever so peaceful Sunday morning beach. Between that risk, the tide running out, increasingly useful light for the camera and our own eagerness, with the photographer landed first we got on with this Assault Landing exercise.

Picture #1: LCP (aka SACPAS-3) in high speed approach with semi blurry pictures until our photographer caught his 1/50 sec shutter speed a few shots into this. Well, it’s indeed before sunrise, no coffee, the zoom is well cranked out and the boat is moving swiftly.



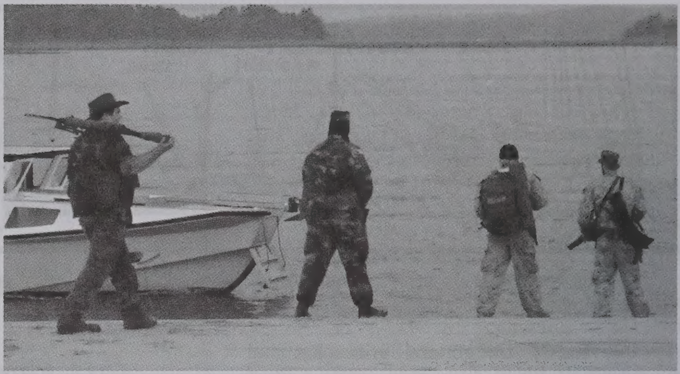
Picture #2: Gradually slowing down with a rising wake and the squad leader’s hands on the bow gate release, dropping it gradually to not have it catch the water surface with that increasing weight in the bow...



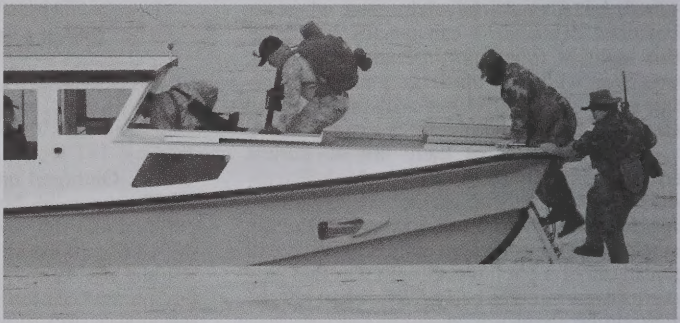
Picture #3: …while the strong ebb tries to force her stern towards the steep beach…

Picture #4: …as the bow hits it first, with the squad leader taking off for the dash into the protection of the dunes…

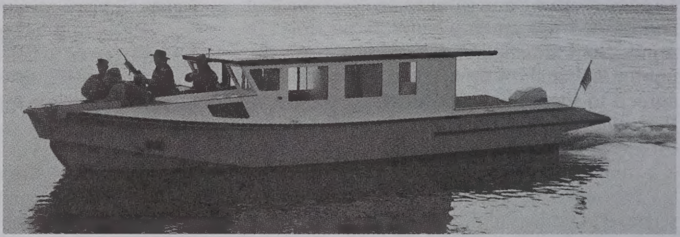
Picture #5: …while LCP pulls away, the bow swings around downstream with the tide, before she takes up her position well off the beach.



Picture #6: Whatever it took to get it done, they returned exuding calm and satisfaction while I bucked that stream to get the bow in position for the pickup.



Picture #7: No need to ask them how it went. More work to be done way up the bay. This time in the woodlands of that island with that pronounced hill.

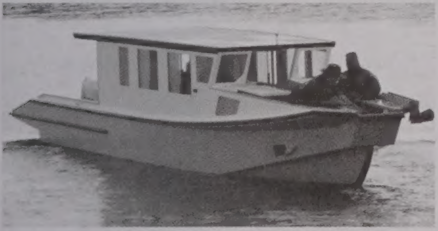


Picture #8: Ready again, alert, energized with that first mission nicely wrapped up, sun still well below the horizon…

Picture #9: … this time over a mud and gravel beach ahead, higher up quickly turning into shrubs and soon into trees, now with those boots now getting wet…

Picture #10: …headed for the cover of vegetation, now to shield them on their way towards the target on the slopes of that hill. Picking that landing spot with a much smaller rise ahead actually shielded our landing from view from up high. Time for the boat to back away and stay out of harm's way between the rising banks of that tidal stream. Just don't ground her out now with falling water and no weight in the boat to drop off! And yes, putting the squad into her aft cockpit would have lightened her bow in both landings for her to get closer to shore, but they like to keep an unobstructed eye and a clear field of fire on that shoreline. And with their weight suddenly out of the bow, I was always sure to be able to depart without a hitch.

Picture #11: They return really relaxed now, with an almost weird detachment from what had just happened. They had done that before, clearly more than once. Never mind that for everybody else this was beginning to look like just another pleasant summer Sunday morning. Without the bow gate they'd now look at well over 5' of height to get back aboard over the bow…



Picture #12: …and soon one pulls up the gate while the other still keeps an eye on the shoreline as we back away, satisfied with work we had done with LCP these few hours in the estuary well before sunrise.

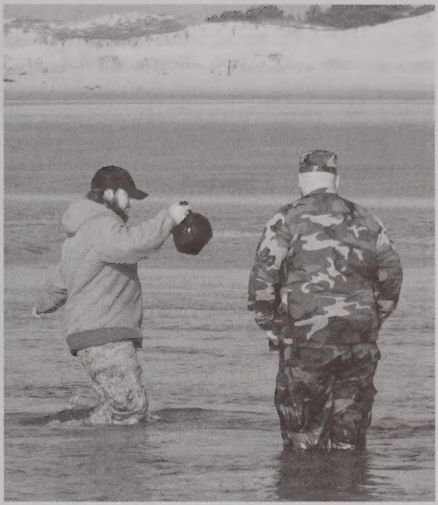
Having her feature full camo appearance would seem a better idea for such missions, except between the light gray beach of the first job and then the darker brown mud and green shoreline later, what type of camo would have been effective? Options and opinions. After due preps and reconnoitering, likely best to show up early, quiet and get on with it, dialing in just enough luck.

Picture #13: Sliding quietly down with the tide, nap time for some as the sun rises, along with thoughts of cofee and donuts perhaps…

Picture #14: …until the water starts getting really shallow and no channel in sight in any direction, sure, local knowledge, outboard out and up, and now everyone else getting their pants wet as well, pushing her with not just the optimism of the accomplished but knowing that she is now about 750 lbs lighter…

Picture# 15: …with the squad leader scouting, pulling via her bow gate, the water eventually gets deeper again about 200 yards from the channel…

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS



Picture #16: …until we are suddenly stuck for good with the remaining falling tide pushing us against the sands ahead! Had we taken a sharp right turn a quarter mile earlier at some innocuous looking small non regulation orange buoy, we'd have eased down that channel and on home with some to church, others to work and the rest for some shuteye. Instead we had ended up deep inside an appendix shaped trap out of which we can only leave exactly the way we came in short of waiting for peak tide. Local knowledge alright.

So, two called for a pickup at the parking lot three miles up the beach, waded through the shallows, then hiked and made it to church and work on time.

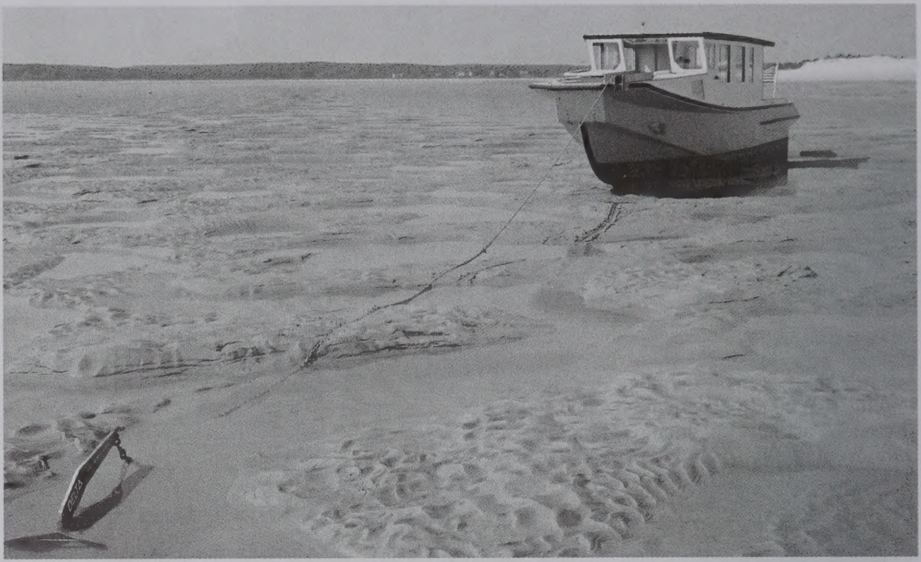
Picture #17: I won't betray confidences about how some of those other fierce warriors started fooling around with sand, clams, crabs, flotsam as the boat emerged out of the falling waters until truly high and dry bolt upright.

Picture #18: Suffice it to say that the four of us would have a fine relaxed sunny morning aboard her and out on the surrounding sands, dozing some, eventually sharing two wieners, two buns, two bananas and a quart of water, a fine meal.

Picture #19: That smaller Coast Guard twin turbo prop flew by at some altitude, likely peering at us through their high powered optics head under the nose, coming and then going. No doubt we looked innocent and all, with the now truly dry boat still looking shipshape with the anchor carried out and dug in. Next to our long haired photographer, now so visible in the sunlight, that quite irregular looking confusion to the enemy mix of uniforms only suggested some civilians not knowing any better doing civilian things on the sands after a typical civilian navigation-error.

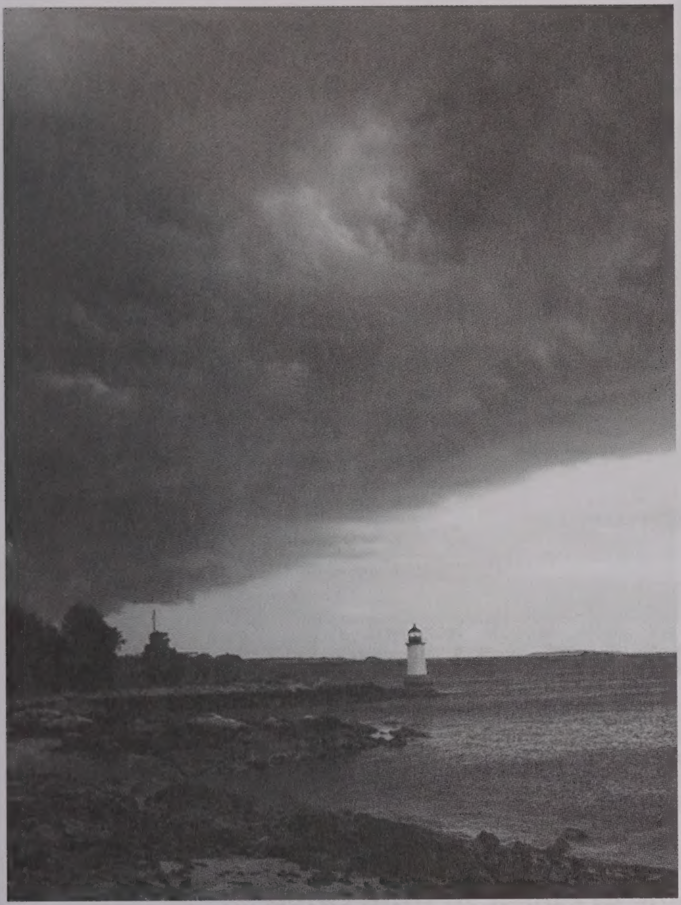
It was probably a good thing that the Coasties happened to pass by now, well slept, with a fine lengthy breakfast before take-off and not when we were in the middle of our dawn landings. Those might have produced a different kind of blip on their screens alright. Never a word or any alarmed phone call from within those tents either.

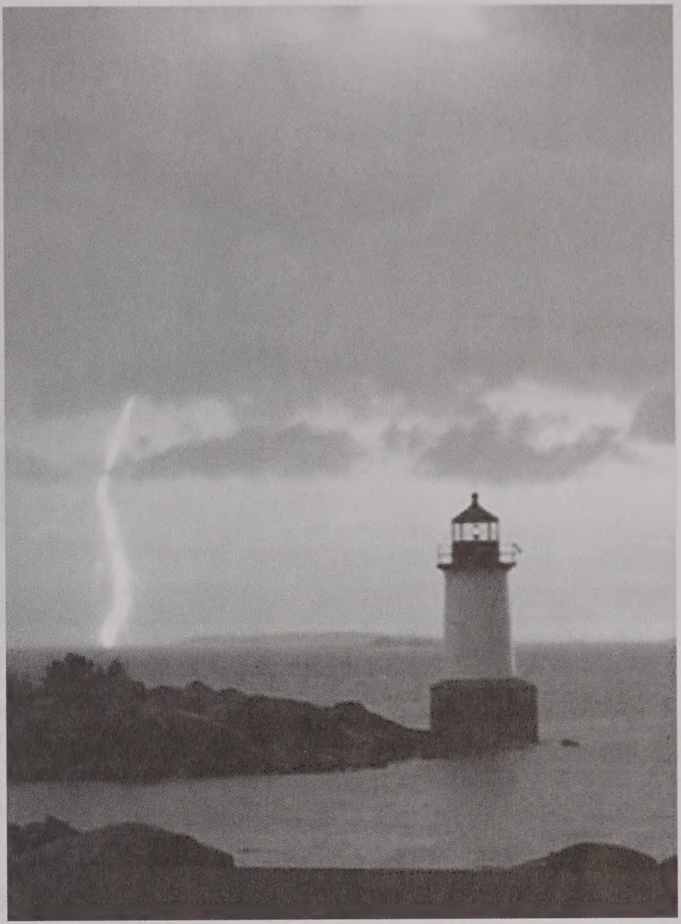
More to come on what she's good for.



BUNKER HILL

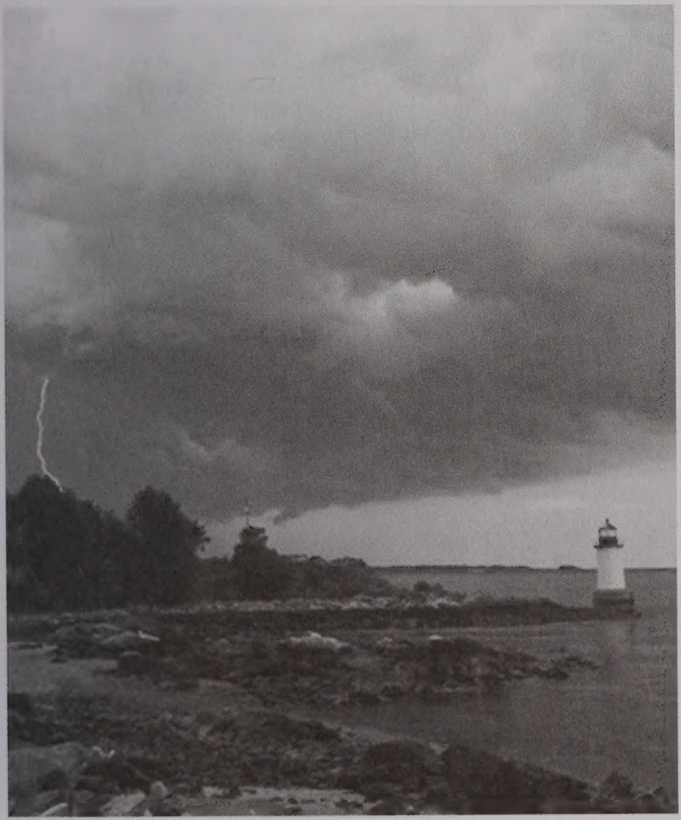
Manhattan, New York City. Circa 1908

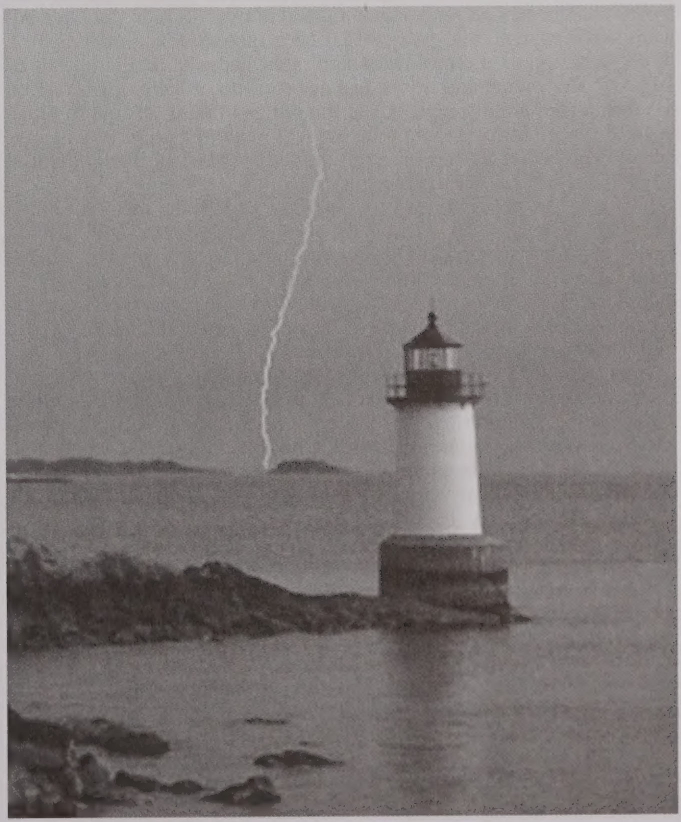




Summer Storm Over Salem Sound

Photos by Harvey Petersiel





THE GOLD CUP LEGEND

THE LEAPING LIZARD OF LAKE GEORGE

"El Lagarto" is on exhibit at Tumblehome, July-Columbus Day 2015.

The *El Lagarto* Exhibit at Tumblehome

We are honored at our Tumblehome Boatshop to have on display through the Columbus Day weekend the Gold Cup Racer, *El Lagarto*, thanks to the Adirondack Musem. This exhibit would not be possible without an extraordinary community of collectors, craftsmen, historians, Gold Cup enthusiasts and friends whose generosity, memories and willingness to share continue to amaze us every day.

On behalf of the staff at Tumblehome we hope you will make the trip to see this historic boat and share in the stories surrounding her.

Reuben and Cynde Smith, Tumblehome Boatshop, 668 State Route 28, Warrensburg, NY (Exit 23 from I-87 to Route 28/North Creek)

El Lagarto Wins Gold Cup for Third Time in Succession

George Reis' Boat Only One Able to Finish 90 Mile Grind

In July 27, 1935, for the third time in succession, George Reis' Gold Cup hydroplane *El Lagarto* won the famous trophy when she not only defeated but was responsible for the breaking down of every other entry, responsible in the way that no other boat could keep going in the face of such strenuous competition as *El Lagarto* could give.

Rumors ran like wildfire the day before the race. One boat had done better than 70 miles an hour. Another had done 73 and still another had beaten all marks with a speed of over 75 miles an hour. All were super-charged and powers had been increased as much as 50% by the addition of these blowers and other gadgets, that is all but *El Lagarto*. Her owner and driver had a sort of do or die expression and to all inquiries simply replied that the old girl might be able to finish in third place. At least from a theoretical angle, *El Lagarto* was outclassed and beaten before she ever crossed the starting line in the first 30 mile heat of the 90 mile race.

In all, five boats turned up at the lake and, in the breaking in trials (or is it breaking down) on the day before, Benny Hill, driving *Impshi* with its 16 cylinder Dusenberg, started to "throw iron" when a connecting rod let go and immediately reduced his engine to only 15 cylinders. Benny decided then and there to watch the race from the pine clad banks of Lake George. Then Bill Horn and Charlie Graflin took *Delphine IV* out for a final spin and one of *Delphine*'s pistons got into an argument with a galloping iron (connecting rod to you) and Bill, Charlie and *Delphine IV* decided to take a tow back to Countess Mankowski's boathouse where once the famous *Ankle Deeps*, owned and driven by the Count, held forth. Charlie and the boys worked all night on the disabled engine clearing out the debris, but even before the start none of them were particularly optimistic about *Delphine*'s chances. A brand new boat, Herb Mendelsohn's *Notre Dame*, driven by Clell Perry, was dropped into the water at Smith's boathouse late in the afternoon of the same unfortunate day and made a short run which resulted in much argument among the assembled experts. Some said she looked good, others said she looked not so good.

Anyway, the dawn of the great day finally arrived and on the second of ten minutes of one, the warning gun was fired from the point of the Bixby estate. With Benny sitting on the bank, only four boats showed up. These were *El Lagarto*, the ancient and honorable ark of Lake George, Victor Kleisrath's *Hotsy Totsy II*, which has appeared in numerous Gold Cup events under various and sundry names, Bill Horn driving *Delphine IV*, the original Leaping Lena which was operated on by Walter Leveau so that she no longer leaps and the brand new *Notre Dame* which had been tried out less than one hour previous to the race.

Notre Dame didn't even get as far as the starting line when something went wrong and she was towed back to Smith's. That left only three competitors for America's premier speedboat event. With the gun, the three roared over the starting line with Bill Horn in the lead, followed by *El Lagarto* and *Hotsy Totsy* close astern. It was for blood, for special instructions had been received to take the cup from *El Lagarto* at all costs and apparently the other competitors had decided among themselves that George Reis had held the cup long enough. However, halfway up the back stretch *El Lagarto* took the lead, never to be headed again. *Delphine*'s trouble of the day before was so serious that numerous parts of the piston, not to mention some nice little filings, had been left inside the engine, it being impossible to get everything clear in the short time before the start, and at the end of the first lap she began to show signs of faltering. It was not long after that that she stopped altogether after completing one lap at a speed of 56.39 miles an hour.

This left only two boats in the race and bets began to be made that not one of the craft would be able to finish the necessary three heats. *El Lagarto* continued to hold a nice lead over *Hotsy Totsy* and finished one full minute ahead of her. *El Lagarto*'s average for the 30 miles was 56.85 miles an hour and her fastest lap was 58.59 miles an hour. *Hotsy*'s average was 55.16 and her fastest lap was 56.67 miles an hour.

With only two boats left, the crowd started to melt away before the second heat, two hours after the start of the first heat. Finally the gun went off and *El Lagarto* and *Hotsy Totsy* crossed the line side by side and going places for sure. Each was pushing the other as hard as possible, each hoping that the other would crack under the strain. *Delphine* came out for the start but passed out soon after crossing the line, this time for good. The grind continued for the remaining laps with *El Lagarto* holding a comfortable lead and never threatened provided her hull and engine would hold together. Her average speed was faster this heat, figuring out at 57.58 miles an hour and her fastest lap was at the rate of 58.82 miles. She hardly varied a second for each lap.

Hotsy Totsy averaged 56.89 and her best lap was 57.47. The two boats came out again for the third and final heat on time, but by this time the large spectator fleet had dwindled to about half. *Hotsy* tried her level best to get ahead but Reis held *Lagarto* just ahead of him and at every turn gave *Hotsy* a good hosing down. Spectators were now certain that neither boat could hold the pace for long and sure enough during the fourth lap, *Hotsy* began to weaken, running slower and slower. Reis slowed slightly, but continued at a terrific pace and it was not long before *Hotsy* was lapped. Then she was lapped again in surprisingly short order and yet once more when she was just crawling along and about ready to stop. The oil line leading to the pressure gauge on the dash had broken and most of her lubricating oil was pumped into the bilge. She did not finish.

It now developed into a one boat race and in due time *El Lagarto* coasted across the finish line to the din of whistles from the fleet. Her average speed was only 50.73 miles an hour and her best lap 54.54. Her average time for all three heats of the 90 mile race was 55.05 miles an hour. Thus the Gold Cup stays at Lake George for another year according to the ritual and an 11 year old engine and a 13 year old hull still reign supreme over all the newfangled super chargers and gadgets. Possibly there should be an extra prize for the most reliable boat or possibly the owners will sometime get wise to the fact that every gadget added only means that much more chance for failure, but at any rate it proves conclusively that George Reis, Dick Bowers, his amateur mechanic and the ancient but thoroughly docile *El Lagarto* are a combination that is mighty hard to beat. Next year the rule changes take the lid clean off the event so far as rules are concerned and possibly one of the "inventor's nightmares" may be able to wrest the cup from George, Dick and Lagarto, but unless there is some kind of a miracle, no one familiar with the sport would venture to bet against the ancient ark of Lake George.

HISTORICAL REPRINTS

A Historical Reprint from the Antique & Classic Boat Society
422 James St, Clayton, NY 13624
(315) 686-2628, hqs@acbs.org

Come aboard!

The **Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc.** (TSCA) works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

Contact your nearest TSCA chapter (nearly 30 are listed on our website). Find out how to connect with like-minded souls, or form your own group, and enjoy the thrill of "simply messing about" in boats.

Enjoy our quarterly, *The Ash Breeze,* and stay abreast of boatyard, backyard, and on-the-water activities.

Membership starts at $20.
Sign on, today.

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc.

PO Box 350,
Mystic, CT
06355

www.tsca.net

SHAW & TENNEY

MAINE CRAFTED SINCE 1858

Makers of the world's finest wooden oars and paddles.

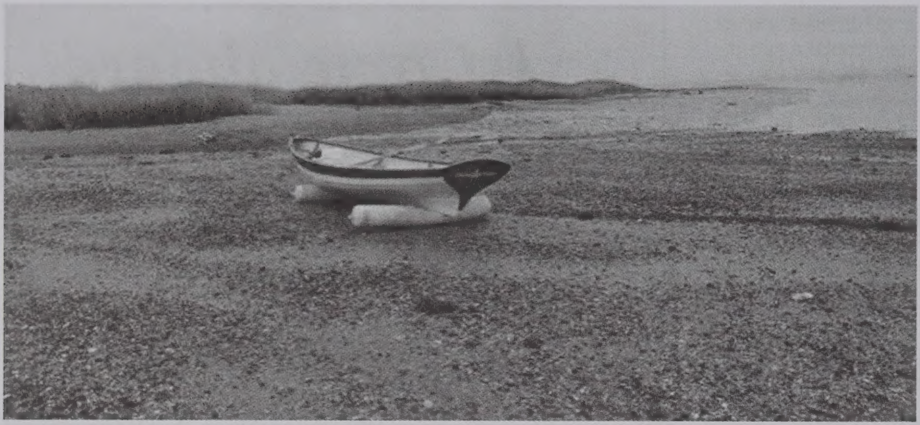
Gear and Hardgoods for Life on the Water
800-240-4867 · SHAWANDTENNEY.COM

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

35th Anniversary
WOODEN CANOE HERITAGE ASSOCIATION
1979-2014

Join the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association today and receive six issues of *Wooden Canoe*, the full-color journal of the WCHA. Other benefits of membership include local and national events throughout Canada and the United States, on-line research and repair help, and wooden canoe-themed merchandise.

www.WCHA.org
603-323-8992

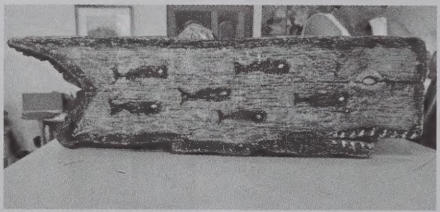


Inflatable Boat Rollers

By Richard Honan

I rowed out to Snake Island in late August with my dog Lucky to collect some interesting pieces of driftwood for my oil pastel projects. We arrived on the island with with tide going out. I brought my two inflatable boat rollers to help me move my boat back down to the water after the tide had receded. This helped prevent the bottom of the boat from being scratched and gouged from the rocks and shells on the beach. I brought the two rollers out to the island uninflated and used a battery operated air pump to inflate them. They worked flawlessly!

I purchased the inflatable boat rollers from Duck Works Boat Supply in Harper, Texas. They have everything for the do it yourself boat builder —http://www.duckworksbbs.com/index.htm



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

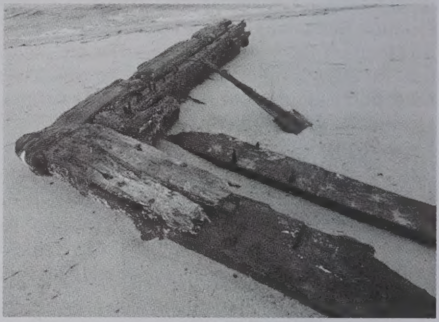
- **Boat Dealers**
- **Boat Builders**
- **Marinas**
- **Boats For Sale**
- **Nautical Books**
- **Plans and Kits**
- **Weather Instruments**
- **Free Classified**

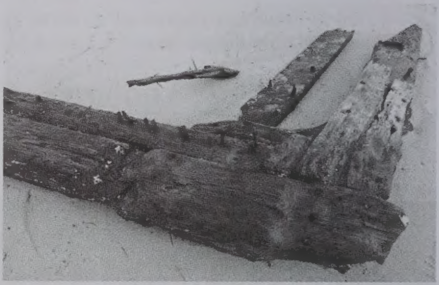
Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com

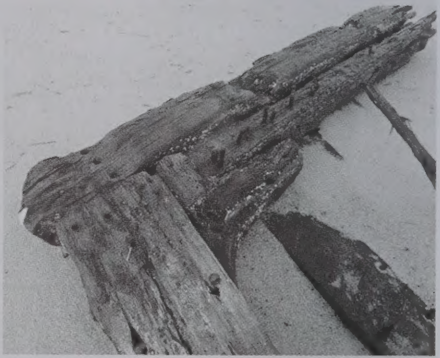
Cape Cod Shipwreck

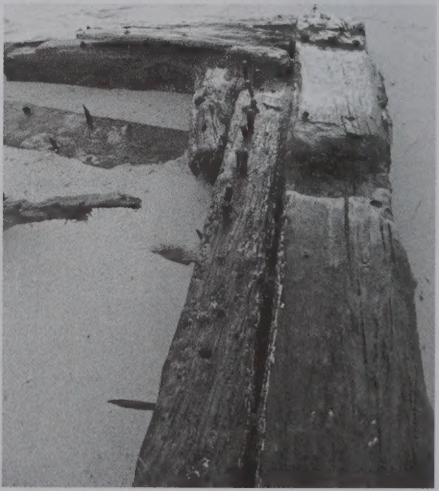
By Richard Honan

Here are some photos of pieces from a wooden shipwreck that I came across while walking from Herring Cove Beach to Hatches Harbor in the National Seashore in Provincetown on Cape Cod. It probably dates back to the late 1800s or early 1900s. There were no identifying marks. It has a combination of iron fastenings and wood treenails in its construction. I tend to think that this is a section of the stern.





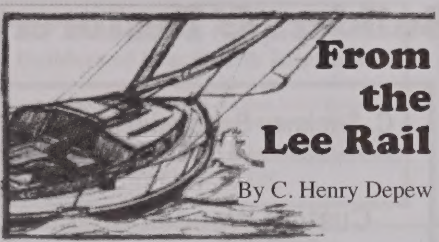




Ethanol/gasoline has been getting bad press due to its chemical reaction with seals, fuel lines, fuel separation and the like. An alternative fuel that is getting some good press these days is called biobutanol. This fuel may be used as a fuel in an internal combustion engine. Because it has longer hydrocarbon chain, it is more similar to gasoline than it is to ethanol. The fuel, according to reports, has been demonstrated to work in vehicles designed for use with gasoline without modification. The "green" part of this fuel is that it is produced by fermentation of biomass (any biomass) and does not impact food production for people and animals (ethanol uses corn as its primary source).

One of the professional boating magazines I receive had a blurb on a product to "glue" a metal patch to fix a break or a leak, called, "Belzona 1212." It is a two part surface tolerant epoxy composite engineered specifically for in situ application to wet, oil contaminated and underwater surfaces. According to the information on the producer's web site, "Belzona 1212 is easy to mix and apply without the need for special tools and is ideal for repair kits and emergency situations, ensuring fast back in service time." Since the product is designed for damp, oil contaminated and underwater metal substrates, it might be just the thing for some on the water engine related emergency repairs. The available information notes that there is a working time of nine minutes once the two parts are mixed together and setting time to full strength is eight hours. It is supposed to be easily applied (wear gloves). For more information, check out "belzona.com."

How much "gear" do you have on/in your boat? Weight affects performance, speed and, if a powered vessel, fuel consumption. Every boat has its "designed" lines when floating empty and loaded. Exceed the "load lines" and you are affecting performance of the boat, power or sail. An acquaintance once had an aluminum boat with a 45hp outboard. He carried the required safety equipment (including anchor and rode), a radio (CB in those days) and an ice chest as "standard" equipment on the boat. The only "extra" equipment was his fishing gear and a toolbox. The boat performed as per the factory specifications. His argument was that if he had problems he could not fix, he called for help.



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Back then, help was anyone else on the water as we looked out for each other. During "hurricane season" when our boat was not going to be used, I unloaded the extra gear (spare anchor, spare engine parts, two tool boxes, radar reflector, search light, etc) and the boat floated with its load line higher in the water. Granted, it is a semi displacement hull and speed is not a factor, but fuel consumption would be less if I used the boat in that condition. Of course, without the spare parts for "on the water" repairs I would be calling for a commercial tow back to the float more often.

A number of friends have "cruising catamarans" of various configurations and, while faster than monohulls of similar size, they are "loaded down" with all kinds of convenience items (freezer, hot water tank, generator, etc) and most are narrow in the space between their hulls for their length. Back in the late '60s or early '70s the Amateur Yacht Research Society (Great Britain) had an article in their monthly (now quarterly) publication on bow wave interaction with the aft end of a catamaran. In nontechnical terms, the bow waves from the two hulls of a catamaran meet in the centerline area of the craft and then reflect away from each other. If the catamaran has enough width between the hulls, the reflected waves do not impact the stern section of the craft. If the beam is too narrow, the reflected waves hit the sterns and induce drag on the hulls. For more information on this, take a look at an article by Balvin H. Markwood, "Six Kinds of Cats and Two Kinds of Tris," 01/08/2010, on the web.

One problem in acquiring the necessary width between the hulls is the structural integrity of the crossbeams that connected the hulls. There is also the need to support the beam that has the mast step from the vertical load created by the mast under sail. Our Tornado (Class B) catamaran had a modified Fink/Deck truss to carry the load and keep the forward beam from bending. At one point we had a small catamaran that used a fiberglass arch with a internal wood support to hold the mast. The arch failed and had to be reinforced.

Our Tornado was designed to be sailed with one hull just out of the water (centerboard and rudder still in the water) which negated the bow wave interference problem. The trick was to balance the sail pressure to lift the weather hull without lifting the hull too high. As the weather hull went up, the sail became less efficient. The crew member in the trapeze helped keep the boat from capsizing and added to the righting arm, but the skipper still had to balance the boat so the weather hull was in the proper location for maximum speed. One advantage of a racing catamaran was that unless we buried the lee bow and pitch poled, the boat came to almost a compete stop before it turned over. The trampoline between the hulls became a "sail" when the weather hull was too high and helped put the boat over. Righting an upside down catamaran is a question for another article.

Trimarans have the same wave interference problem as catamarans and also need room between the outer hulls and the main hull to avoid the bow wave reflective action. One example of the extreme width required with a long trimaran was Crowther's *Bandersnatch* which looked like a spider on the water. And once again, the major problem is the structural integrity of the crossbeams that hold the outer hulls to the main hull. Most trimaran designs I see today show that the designers have decided the bow wave interference is not as an important consideration as is load carrying capacity and comfort, as in most cases there is not sufficient room between the main hull and the outer hulls for the free flow of water from the bows to the sterns.

On a different tack, do you have an emergency VHF antenna on board your boat? One of the participants in the R2AK race had the antenna of their VHF radio damaged when things went wrong. They had to abandon ship and with no spare VHF antenna they had to use their cell phone to called 911. Happily, contact was made, help arrived and all ended well.

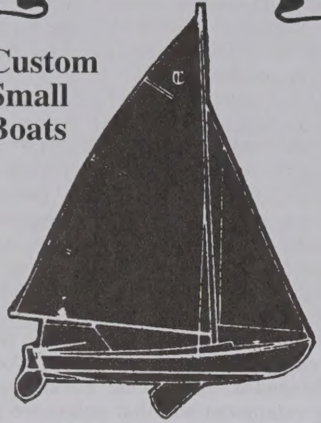
An Early Attempt at "Planing" Over the Water

"Windemere – A Seaplane Returns… *Waterbird* is an exact replica of the original 1911 hydro aeroplane (pictured) which was scheduled to take to the air on Lake Windemere in the UK, scene of Arthur Ransome's *Swallows & Amazons*." (Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK)

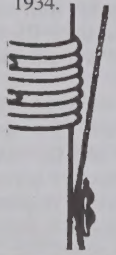
Builders & Restorers

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

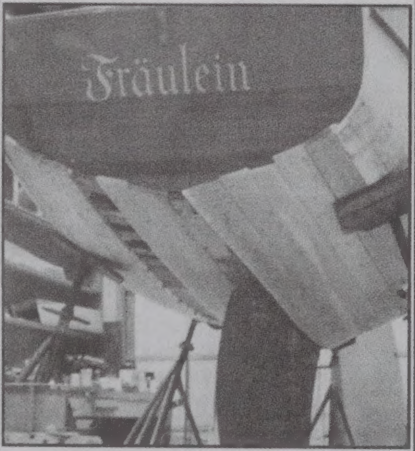


Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Quality Restoration and Repair



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

Custom Wooden Boat Building & Restoration

10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant
E-mail woodboats@msn.com
Blog
http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/

OLD WHARF DORY
EST. 1977
WELLFLEET

Wooden Boats Built to Order
Row, Power, or Sail – Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website
www.oldwharf.com
Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383
Walter Baron, Boatbuilder
170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

AREY'S POND

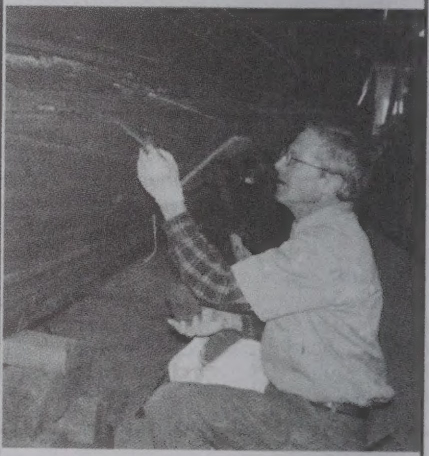
Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951
Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats

14' Cat – 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open – 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch
Traditional Elegance
All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard

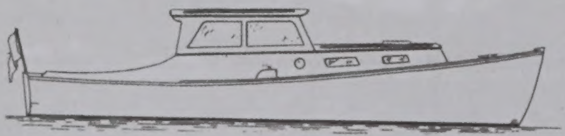
Quality Restoration and Repair



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

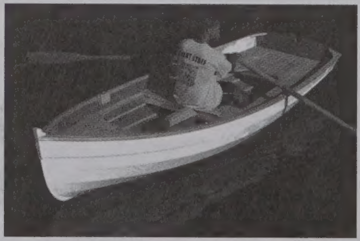
Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Launched September 2012
36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica
www.haddenboat.com
11Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548
(207) 371-2662

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN



Call or e mail
Arch Davis at 207 930 9873
archdavis@myfairpoint.net
37 Doak Rd. Belfast, ME 04915
www.archdavisdesigns.com

Penobscot 13,sailing and rowing skiff, little sister to the well known Penobscot 14. Glued lapstrake construction. 12'9"x4'3". 120pounds. Rowing version $4,250.00. Sailing rigs available.

(607) 547-2658

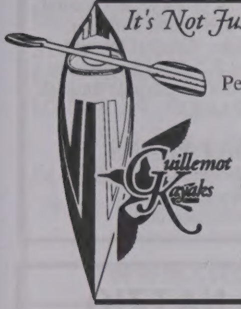
Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats
Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@myfairpoint.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859

YOUR AD HERE
$9 / ISSUE
maib.office@gmail.com



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send $3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

http://www.KayakPlans.com/m

Plans & Kits

GEODESIC Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK $4.95

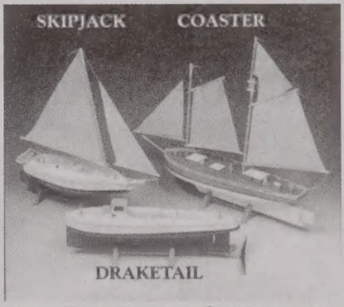
INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO $19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO

Monford Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504

<gaboats.com>

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL
Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits
Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog $1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at
http://www.seaworthysmallships.com

SK READERS CHOICE Sea Kayaker MAGAZINE
2011 through 2014 WOODEN KAYAK
PYGMY
BOATS INC
VOTED BEST
WOODEN KAYAK

Call for a **FREE** Catalog: 360-774-6397 | www.pygmyboats.com

---

BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
8471 SW CR 347
Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com

21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors

Photo by Bill Ling

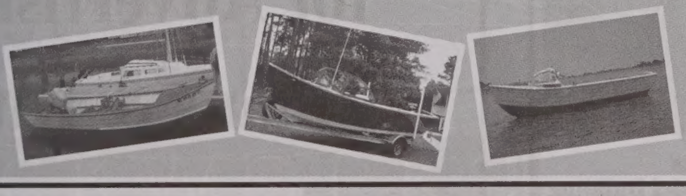
SIMMONS SEA-SKIFF

BOAT BUILDING PLANS

CLASSICS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST

- ★ 18-, 20-, & 22-foot plans available
- ★ Outstandingly light, seaworthy vessels
- ★ Plans with detailed instructions, no lofting

ORDER ONLINE
www.capefearmuseum.com/simmons



cape fear museum

814 Market St.
Wilmington
North Carolina
910.798.4364

Robb White & Sons
Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. $75 Photos & specs at www.robbwhite.com.

Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799

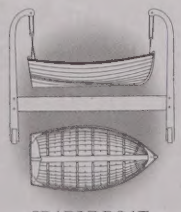
Jordan Wood Boats

P.O. Box 194, South Beach, OR 97366
541–867–3141
www.jordanwoodboats.com

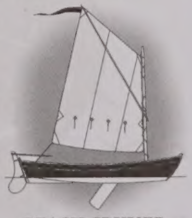
****

Distinctive Boat Designs

Meticulously Developed and Drawn
For the Amateur Builder



CRADLE BOAT
BABY TENDER



BEACH CRUISER
FOOTLOOSE

WESTON FARMER
BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send $2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only $1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send $2 for catalog listing.

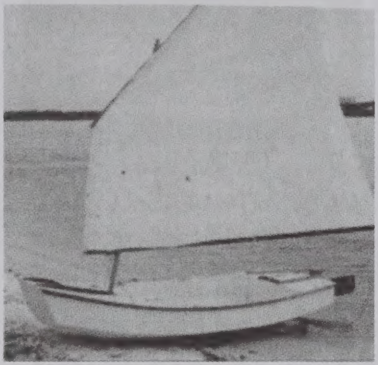
WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

ATKIN

Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkin designs and new text. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. $20.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and $25.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN BOAT PLANS
P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com
www.atkinboatplans.com

PICCUP PRAM



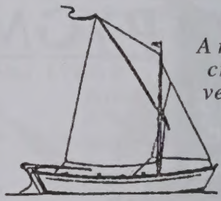
11' X 4'5" OA - 100# Empty
Taped Seam Multichine
$20 Plans - $1 INFO ON 8 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

SWIFTY 12

A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, $1500. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, $5. Demonstration video, $20, DVD.

SHELL BOATS
561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats

CONRAD NATZIO
BOATBUILDER



A range of small craft plans for very easy home building in plywood

For details, visit the website:
www.broadlyboats.com/sections

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

15 Lanyard Pl
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491

H.H. PAYSON AND COMPANY

Plans • Patterns • Articles • Books
Instant Boat Series • Downeast Dories • Model Building

Visit our website @ www.instantboats.com
Call, write or email for information or help with your project.

H.H. Payson & Company
PO Box 122
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Going forward in the spirit and tradition of Dynamite Payson.
Just Do It!

Dennis Hansen Boatbuilder **207-594-7587**

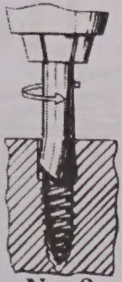
This Space Available for Advertising Plans & Kits

$36 per Issue

contact us at
maib.office@gmail.com

Supplies

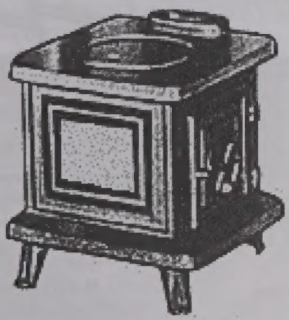
UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors



Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.

T&L TOOLS
24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

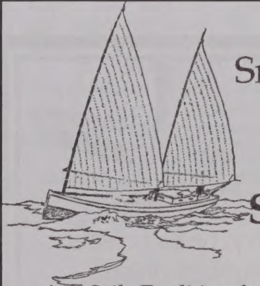
NAVIGATOR STOVES
409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.
P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



Small Craft Sails by **Sew Tec**

Any Sail , Traditional to High Tech , to 100 sq. ft.
Re-cuts , Repairs & Custom Canvas Work
In business since 1980 – **sewtec.us**
sewtec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

YOUR AD HERE
$18 / ISSUE

maib.office@gmail.com

Sail for a Canoe

Excellent quality and design
$329.00 plus shipping
National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association
http://canusail.org

Free rig plans
Newsletter: *Canoe Sailor* $6
E-mail: canusailor@yahoo.com

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

GAMBELL & HUNTER
SAILMAKERS

Sails
and
Rigging

16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock. Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New supply ready to ship. Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.
1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

DUCKWORKS
BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY

- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service
www.duckworksbbs.com

HANDMADE SEAMANS KNIVES
207-882-9820
CUSTOM DESIGNS
MUDD SHARRIGAN
WISCASSET, ME. 04578

MERTON'S
FIBERGLASS AND MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylester Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners

Quality Brand Name Products
Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow, MA 01028

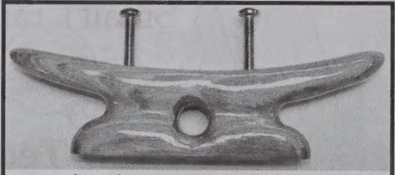
Supplying Quality Products To Boat Owners, Hull Finishers & Boatyards for over 20 years.

800-333-0314

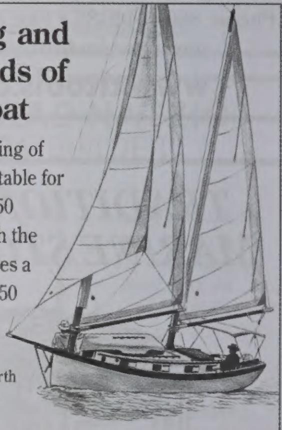
SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY
DROP RUDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILEX ALUMINUM TRAILERS

456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

(413) 547-8364



Ash, cherry, or oak cleats,
hand-rubbed finish,
several styles available at
WoodMarineCleats.com
or call **505-864-6834**
for custom work



Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! –$150

Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419

See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm

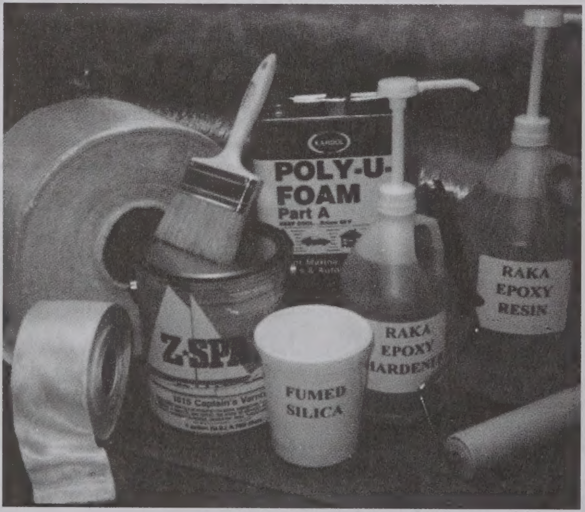
4 Warren Ave.
Westbrook, ME 04092
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm

HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER • HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF • MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD • SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER • HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.mainecoastlumber.com
email: info@mainecoastlumber.com

DISCOVER VISA MasterCard
We ship UPS


POLY-U-FOAM
Part A
RAKA EPOXY RESIN
RAKA EPOXY HARDENER
FUMED SILICA
Z-SPAR

RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are fom 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine
3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com

Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in
cream, tanbark, white

Photos, quotes at
www.dabblersails.com

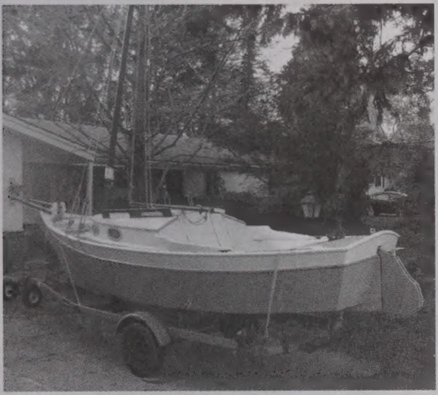
email: dabblersails@gmail.com
ph/fax 804-580-8723
or write us at PO Box 234
Wicomico Church, VA 22579

DABBLER SAILS

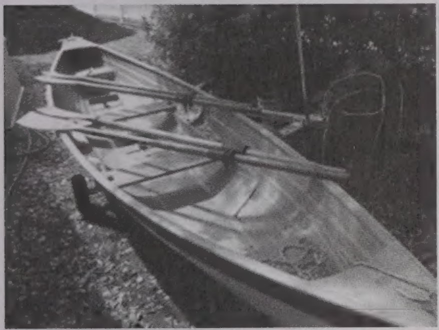
Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



Weekender Sailboat & Trailer, in vy useable cond. No rot found, boat needs only cleaning. Water-ready for someone who wants a character boat. Boat & trlr have current transferable registrations. Brand new Dabbler sails still in the pkg. Make reasonable offer and the boat is yours. E-mail for details.
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster WNY, grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com (11)



Rossiter Loudon 17' FG Rowboat, 1 or 2 rowing stations, 2 passengers, 4 spruce spoon-blade oars, brass oarlocks, teak deck, rubrails, seats. Trailex trlr; Sunbrella cover. LOA 17', beam 3'9", draft 5", weight 150lbs, capacity 650lbs. $4,000. See: http://www.rossiterboats.com/loudonrowboat/.
SUSAN SCHMIDT, Beaufort, NC, (252) 269-0032; susu@susanschmidt.net (11)

Bolger Micro, $1,400. Cat yawl, 15' 6" w/22" draft. Spacious cockpit, high freeboard, good fishing & swimming platform. Fun, seaworthy cruiser/daysailer for 2 adults. EZ-loader trlr w/ new bearings & guide posts, MinnKota Riptide 55lb saltwater electric motor (AGM batteries negotiable), 8' rowing sweeps.
ROB GOGAN, Acton MA, (617) 823-8260, rob_gogan@harvard.edu (11)

19' Sailing Dory, glued lapstrake '84, sprit yawl, tanbark sails. Needs some varnish, daggerboard trunk repair. Has oars & cover, no trlr. $700 OBO. **7'8" Oughtred Mouse**, rowing version. No stern seat, gray & white, ready to go. $350 OBO.
JOHN SANDUSKY, Rocky Point Long Island NY. johngsandusky@hotmail.com (10)

30' '64 Thompson I/O, w/Volvo Penta 4cyl. Full canvas, front hatch. Lapstrake all wood hull, newer seats, tandem trlr. $3,500.
WILLIAM PETERSON, 856 West St., Big Lake Twp, ME 04668, (207) 796-5576. (10)

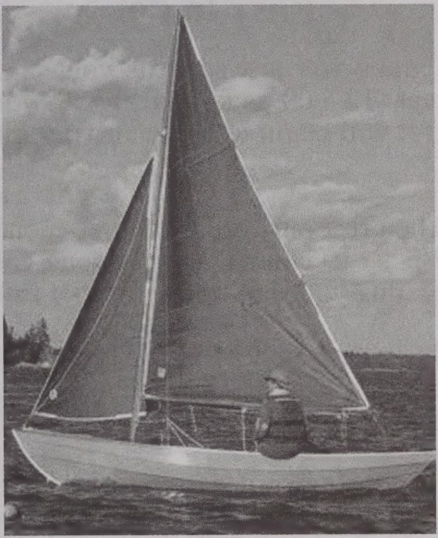
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of $8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

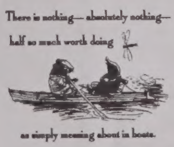
Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



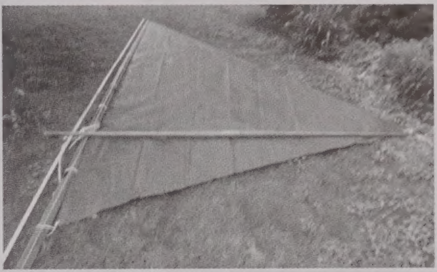
Hammond Swampscott Dory, built from John Gardner's *The Dory Book*. Marine-grade plywood over sawn white-oak frames. Owner-built in '92. A 70# steel centerboard and a kick-up rudder make it a great beach-cruiser. Tanbark sails are in vy gd shape. Fast & easy to row. Caulkins trlr in great shape w/new 15" tires & spare. 2 boat covers.. In Needham MA, local delivery negotiable. $4,000.
ERIC SLOSSER, Needham, MA, (617) 388-3765, eric@slosser.net (10)

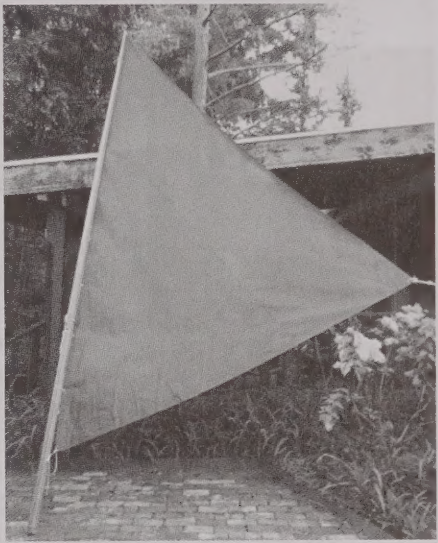
GEAR FOR SALE


There is nothing— absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing
as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows
Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.
THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

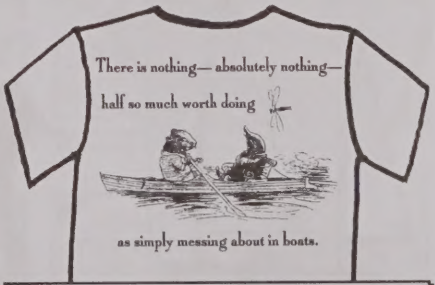




Gamble & Hunter Tanbark Sail, in exc like-new cond. W/wo mast & sprit. Sail will fit Bolger-Payson boats & others as well. Cost new over $500, asking $250 for sail, ORO.
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, WNY, grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com (11)

BOOKS AND PLANS FOR SALE

***MAIB* Collection,** from 1989. Free if picked up in Lexington, MA.
DAVID KELLAND, Lexington, MA, dkelland@juno.com (10)


There is nothing— absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing
as simply messing about in boats.

Simply Messing About In Boats Shirts & Tote Bags

Featuring Ratty's Beloved Quote from *The Wind in the Willows*

See our classified ad for additional information

www.messingabout.com

SLIPPERY OTTER

To those of you who are seeing our magazine for the first time as a free sample issue:

Did you find it of interest?

Enough to want to see more?

Easy to do.

If it really grabs you just send us your check for $32 for a full year (12 - 60 page issues) with your full mail address and it will begin to arrive in your mail with the next issue.

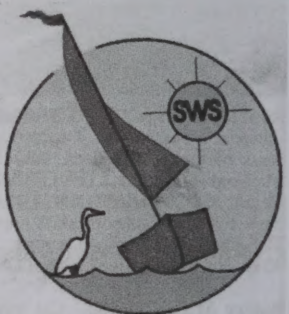
Not sure? Then risk only $8 for a three month trial subscription. When that concludes we'll send you a renewal notice suggesting you sign up for another full year.

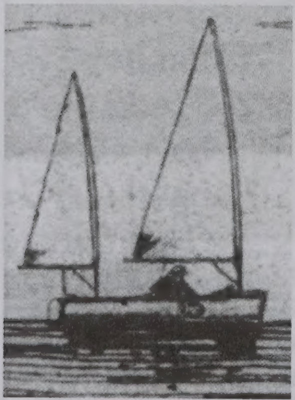
This sample issue is #672 since May of 1983. We've been around for 32 years and plan to be around for many more.

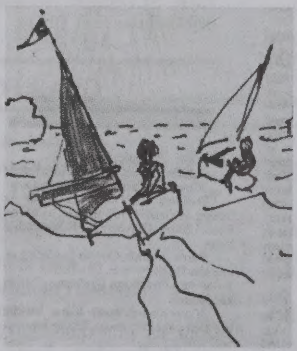
No need to send in any order form (there isn't any). Mail your check for either choice payable to Messing About in Boats, at 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-01943 with a note including your mailing address. That'll do it.

Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher

THE JOURNAL OF THE HISTORIC CANOE AND KAYAK ASSOCIATION

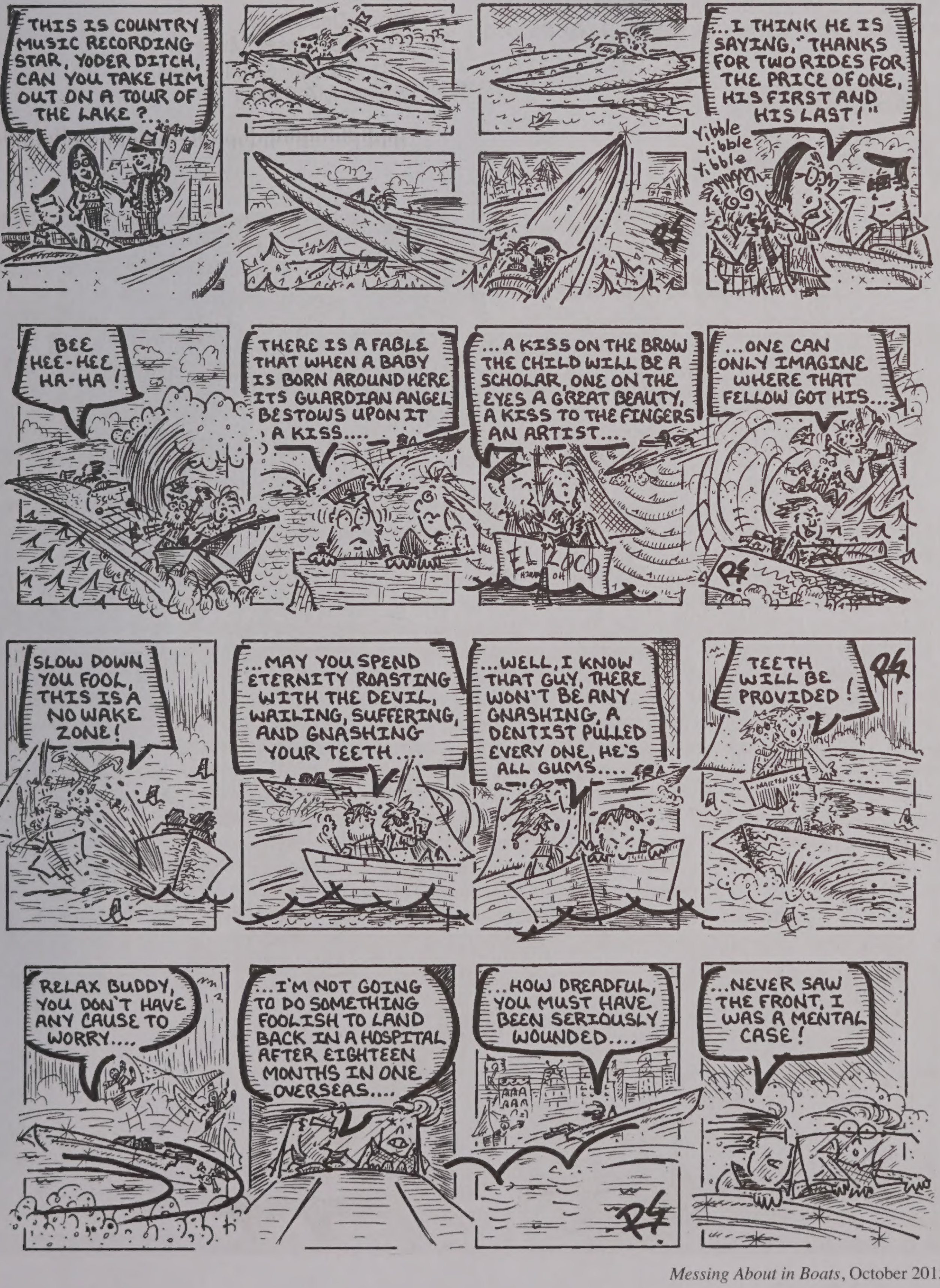






Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

Fast Impressions


THIS IS COUNTRY MUSIC RECORDING STAR, YODER DITCH, CAN YOU TAKE HIM OUT ON A TOUR OF THE LAKE?...
...I THINK HE IS SAYING, "THANKS FOR TWO RIDES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE, HIS FIRST AND HIS LAST!"
Yibble Yibble Yibble
BEE HEE-HEE HA-HA!
THERE IS A FABLE THAT WHEN A BABY IS BORN AROUND HERE ITS GUARDIAN ANGEL BESTOWS UPON IT A KISS....
...A KISS ON THE BROW THE CHILD WILL BE A SCHOLAR, ONE ON THE EYES A GREAT BEAUTY, A KISS TO THE FINGERS AN ARTIST....
EL LOCO
...ONE CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHERE THAT FELLOW GOT HIS...
SLOW DOWN YOU FOOL, THIS IS A NO WAKE ZONE!
...MAY YOU SPEND ETERNITY ROASTING WITH THE DEVIL, WAILING, SUFFERING, AND GNASHING YOUR TEETH....
...WELL, I KNOW THAT GUY, THERE WON'T BE ANY GNASHING, A DENTIST PULLED EVERY ONE, HE'S ALL GUMS....
TEETH WILL BE PROVIDED!
RELAX BUDDY, YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CAUSE TO WORRY....
...I'M NOT GOING TO DO SOMETHING FOOLISH TO LAND BACK IN A HOSPITAL AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN ONE OVERSEAS....
...HOW DREADFUL, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY WOUNDED....
...NEVER SAW THE FRONT, I WAS A MENTAL CASE!

messing about in BOATS
29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906
POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

PRSRT STD
US POSTAGE PAID
NEW LONDON NH
PERMIT #11

1
3

Anne Deschaine
Peabody Essex Museum
161 E Indian Square Mall
Salem MA 01970

1015

ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

Free Catalog & DVD

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com
guideboat@together.net
(802) 425-3926
6821 Rt 7, N Ferrisburgh VT 05473

Thomas Wolfe was wrong.....you CAN go home again.

It all depends on how much of a mess you left behind. I went back....and what a pleasure it was. "Home" being The Adirondack Guideboat Company. This is David writing. I have largely moved to New York City and I am becoming involved with the music business. I still have my house in Vermont, still lo being there, but also love being here. It is astonishing how many tools I've stuffed into so tiny an apartment. But a thickness planer? A table-saw? A band saw? No, no and no. A dust-collection-system which has four 55 gallon barrels to catch the dust? Nope. Part of going back to my actual house was t use my workshop. There were things I needed to make that I couldn't reasonably make here.

I also visited the boatshop. I had a list in my pocket of things I needed to make and was about to head off to buy some wood. The guys said, "Why don't you just use our shop?

What could I say? This wasn't their main facility, this was a dedicated woodshop 15 minutes away. Maybe 30' x 30'. Furnished complete. Still, I needed to get some wood. The guys said, "Why don't you use that?" They pointed to a rack of cherry, for which King Solomon would have lusted. I spent 4 nights working there, probably pushing a mile of cherry through various tools. I am pleased to report, all fingers still intact. The photo on the left is a piece of 6/4 cherry. It weighs a ton. It is 14" wide and 12 feet long. I didn't need it...but I sure admired it. Ok, maybe I caressed it a little. When I asked the boys for current prices on cherry....they looked at me as if I was crazy. Like I was in a restaurant and asked for the price on ketchup. They tell me that they've almost caught up with production, if you want to buy a great boat from great people, you know who to call. Also, this being late August as I write, they say they are about to resume with the kits. (They had to shut that down during the crazy boat buying (and boat building) days of summer. I think they will also limit next season's kit production. You snooze you lose.